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ORIGINAL

POEMS;

MORAL,

AND

SATIRICAL.

BY

SAMUEL PATTISON.

K

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THE

PREFACE.

OBLIGING READER,

PLEASE to do me the honour of peruſing the following ſheets with all the good-humour and candor your maſter of, becauſe the errors in them are many and conſiderable: but as good-humour and candor are ſiſters to benevolence, and benevolence it is ſaid, covers a multitude of faults; we may ſuppoſe, that good-humour and candor, will take a ſhare in the ſame kindly office alſo.

If at any time you take theſe lucubrations in hand, and feel a ſplenetic fit ſeize you, do be perſuaded to lay them down, and apply to ſome exhilarating expedient; yea, do any thing harmleſs to work yourſelf into a pleaſant temper; and never, for the poor writer's ſake, look over theſe pieces with an angry ſoul, and a ſurly countenance.

Rejoice, ye good-natured critics! my reader is my friend. "How do you know that? you may interrogate; I know it by your patience in reading thus far—and ſhould that help you to ſurmount the difficulty of this preface; alſo, urge you to purſue your thorny path among the rhymes for forty or ſixty couplets, ſtill endeavour to exerciſe the neceſſary virtue; nor let a halting verſe here; or an ingrammatiſm there; make you angry: much leſs excite you with all the topſyturvy of a paſſion to ſay, "That the author is as void of the leaſt ſpark of a poetic genius, as Co:ta's kitchen was of a fire,

and

and a ſmoking ſirloin before it:" for though he would appear with the accuracy of a Pope, had he ability; yet of the two evils, he would rather a thouſand literary blunders were charged to him, than be found *The brat of dulneſs:* or to be perpetuated as the *hero* of ſome future Dunciad.

Poets alas! are but men; are generally weak, always vain; poſſeſſed (moſtly) of ſtrong paſſions, and little minds. Shakſpere aſſociates them with mad-men. Some, not the leaſt celebrated, have been paraſites; ſome cowards; and ſome ſelf-murderers: but the leading feature of their character, is pride; and the diſtinguiſhing badge of their profeſſion, is poverty. Homer was nothing higher than a blind mendicant. Virgil indeed, lived in more auſpicious times. Any child knows what mighty ſums Milton amaſſed by his poetry; and the ſplendid equipages Butler and Otway obtained by theirs: and had Pope truſted to the efforts of his genius alone, without obliging the world with

his immortal tranſlations, the ſtate of his finances would have been as flouriſhing. Now to have the weakneſs of a poet; the vanity of a poet; the pride and eccentricity of a poet; and withal, the poverty of a poet; and not to be the leaſt partaker of the fame of a poet, is diſaſtrous and mortifying indeed.

There lives a writer at this time in *London*, who deſerves to be immortalized even by the pen of an Addiſon for his ingenuity. He has lately done honour to his name by writing an Elegy on the death of a late popular republican, conſiſting of one hundred and ſixty lines in the form of an acroſtic; making the long motto to his piece, the initial of his verſes: alſo, ſeveral of the notes ſubjoined, are acroſtics. Surely, the party muſt be highly obliged to him, and will liberally reward him, eſpecially when its members are informed, That he has all the appearance of a poet; for his wig is awry, old and unpowdered; and the coat upon his back is threadbare.

Lord

Lord Cheſterfield, in one of his letters to his ſon, ſays, "Nature, hath not it ſeems formed you for a poet, and I am glad of it." Had his Lordſhip but given this ſingle evidence of the ſtrength of his underſtanding, he would have paſſed with the judicious for a ſenſible man for ever: for all the evils that iſſued out of Pandora's box await the genius; nor was it cloſed when opened upon the rhyming tribe, until hope itſelf had fled alſo. Contributions are raiſed, and funds are eſtabliſhed under royal and noble patronage for artiſts and muſicians, while poets are left to ſtarve by dozens: and may make their exit with a razor or halter as beſt pleaſes them. Therefore gentle reader; if ever you ſhould be ſeized with a poetical phrenzy, if not poſſeſſed of a competency, ſcarce think any method too ſevere to obtain a cure; if it is confinement even in *Bedlam* for a month or two; but if you will indulge it, do; and ſit down contented with a ragged garb, and a hungry belly all your life time.

It is a queſtion of ſome moment, and ought to be ſeriouſly debated among the learned, with a view of having its ſolution fairly and finally adjuſted, Whether poets are a ſet of beings that intrude themſelves and their labours upon mankind to the burden and trouble of civil ſociety; or are a claſs of men in ſome meaſure uſeful, and conſequently, ſhould have the aid and encouragement of the community? The cynic will put in his *aye* to the former ſentiment; but there are now, and have been hundreds that have deſerved well of the world that will contradict him: and if you will attend to ſome of the poets themſelves; they* tell you what mighty good may be effected by poetry. Yet, it is only moral poets that can be of ſervice. Poets of the lewd and profane ſtamp, are a peſt to ſociety; and their works ought to be rejected as literary poiſon; however candied over with the

* Vide Milton, On *Education*, and Dr. Watts, On the *Improvement of the Mind*.

honey

honey of harmony; and the ſweets of a rich verſification.

Poeſy is the language of an enthuſiaſm of the ſoul in its moſt bold and figurative ſtyle, when in exerciſe upon any ſubject. This enthuſiaſm is the gift of nature; and excites the imagination to invention; cloathing its excurſions of fancy with the moſt harmonious, florid, and animated diction. A boy of twelve years, may give indication that he is poſſeſſed of it, though he may no more know how to put his thoughts into proper verſification, than to read *arabic*. If found in the loweſt degree, in the moſt plain and ſimple conditions of life, even among ſhepherds; if it is not compoſing hymns to its CREATOR, like pious David;* it will be forming lays of courtſhip, and ditties of love. Hence the *Arcadian* ſong, with it Theocritus, and others. If found in a higher degree, with a large ſhare of hu-

* Pſalm xxiii.

man

man knowledge; it will produce its Horace, its Ovids, its Pope, its Youngs, its Watts, its Grays, its Thomſons, its Maſons, its Rowes, its Barbaulds, its Moores, its Sewards, its Hayleys, its Merrys, and its Cowpers; but if found in an uncommon degree with every advantage of learning, it will produce its Homers, its Virgils, its Shakſperes, and its Miltons.

Theſe, with hundreds more, are the illuſtrious names, gentle reader, that have charmed and benefited mankind by their immortal labours: and if you can carefully peruſe their works without being fired with their beauty, raviſhed with their wit, or aſtoniſhed with their grandeur and ſublimity: pleaſe to have the good manners as to draw aſide; dare not rank with true critics: you are not capable of forming a right judgment upon poetry: for if the beauties of theſe divine authors do not fill you with admiration, how can the leſſer excellences of thoſe who are much their inferiors excite in you the ſame emotion?

emotion? being deficient of that lovely and glaring ſplendor neceſſary to put them on an equal footing.

It is with a mixture of diffidence and pleaſure that I addreſs myſelf to the judicious and candid critic: but the ſubject of my addreſs is diſaſtrous and melancholy. I was ſadly ſeized with an itch for rhyming when but a little boy; and a circumſtance which occurred in my father's neighbourhood furniſhed me with an opportunity of exerciſing my talent in the art of jingling. A very honeſt, but a very jealous matron undertook to chaſtize her huſband for going aſtray: though poor man, he no more went aſtray than I do: however, ſhe thought it proper to correct him, and correct him ſhe did; nor were the good people a little clamorous on the occaſion; while I iſſued the following lines upon the heroine's ſucceſs in the dread encounter.

"Read

"Read this relation who can,
Sarah Wharam has cudgell'd her good man!
Has hurt his mouth and bruis'd his noſe, (a bloody fray,)
For wenching and for drinking as they ſay:
But oh! if I was him I'd ſtrike her,
And turn her out of doors, and never like her,
She is ſo mad againſt him you cannot think,
For going after girls and getting drink,
That ſhe beats him, abuſes him, yea, knocks him down;
And with her ſturdy weapon cracks his ſimple crown."

The moment's mirth this little attempt of childiſh wit occaſioned, furniſhed me with a ſtock of vanity. My next efforts were, Morning and Evening hymns, in imitation of good biſhop Ken: and as Milton, and other great authors were put into my hands, I dreamed of nothing, leſs than reaping glory, and obtaining a ſplendid immortality: yea, I ſwelled like the young frog in the fable, with the big deſign of an epic poem. No leſs a ſubject than the Revolution

lution of One thouſand ſix hundred and eighty eight for my action ; and no leſs a warrior than the immortal WILLIAM for my hero. thus equipped with hero and action, I began my intended mighty piece with theſe lines,

"JEHOVAH laud! his glorious worth adore;
Whether the ſong ſublime our raptures raiſe,
So as to reach the bright ſidereal ſpheres:
Or leave engrav'd on monumental piles,
To give a thouſand future years the lore,
That he great nature's GOD was *Britain's* friend,
And arm of ſuccour from th' abyſs of woe.
When deſpotiſm clapp'd her harpy wings,
At conqueſt o'er a bravely ſtruggling iſle:
And Stuart, inebriated with the ſwill
Of noxious *Tiber*, drew th' unhallow'd flood
With ruſhing deluge drear the land t' o'erwhelm:
He NASSAU rais'd to dam th' impetuous ruin:
The hero fir'd with ſuch a fervid zeal,
For *Albion's* triumph o'er th' infernal ſurge
As that which fill'd his own almighty MIND,
When he determin'd bondag'd Iſr'el's eaſe
From all th' oars of *Nile's* ſore galling gallies.

Say holy Muſe, that ere waſt wont to feed
The thought of th' unmitred ſon of Amram
With heav'nly glow, till on devotion's wing
Elanc'd, as to their everlaſting CAUSE
Th' ardent flames of grateful hallelujahs.
For ſince a ſiſter theme excites my ſong,
I'd win the ſoul of that divine acclaim,*
Which, when by ſhouting armies nobly rais'd,
Fill'd with melodious lays th' arch empyreal!
Iſr'el's emerge from deſolating gulphs,
And menacing deſtruction, ſweet he ſang:
My country's ſure ſalvation in the extreme
Of peril dire I ſing: Say then O Gift!
All prompt t' inſpire wtih verſe ſeraphic." &c.

Thus far I went, but no further; all my machinery lies in an eternal chaos, nor will it ever iſſue to affright any reader by its hideous figure. But as the relinquiſhing of this deſign, more concerns a ſet of uſeful tradeſmen in, and near the Metropolis, than the critic; it is but a compliment which I owe them, literally and methodically to apprize them of it.

* The ſong of Moſes, Exodus, xv.

To

To the Chandlers, and Retailing Cheeſemongers in, or near *London*.

My fellow Subjects,

Among the many volumes that by being deemed too good to live long with wicked wits and ſinful critics, are early deſtined to the places of honour you aſſign for them: you need not expect an epic poem from the underwritten on the Revolution of One thouſand ſix hundred and eighty eight, in rhyme, or in blank-verſe: nor in any ſize or form, whether folio, quarto, octavo, or duodecimo: to be by you torn, or cut into convenient pieces for your pounds of ſoap, or penny-worths of cheeſe: or for more humble purpoſes.

S. Pattiſon.

London, Jan. 20, 1792.

No, no, candid critic; theſe gentlemen are likely to have too large a diſh of this Olio, ſo as to

leave me many comfortable pickings: and I dare ſay, that your judgment echos to my pen on the ſubject: eſpecially, if we conſider the numbers that have no reliſh for muſic; and conſequently, any thing ſaid upon it, has not any charms with them; theſe include moſt of the people called *Quakers*, and thouſands beſides: therefore, the Firſt Piece may go to chandler, or grocer, without wringing from their hearts ſigh or groan; notwithſtanding the pains it hath coſt me; and the ſage opinion of a critic well known in the neighbourhood of a large town in the north of *England*, who upon ſeeing it in *M. S.* ſaid, That he had read it over ſix times that day, and every time with additional pleaſure; nor did he think, that many would write upon muſic, after they had ſeen this piece of mine. I wiſh every reader would be pleaſed with it in the like manner; but I deſpair.

I ſhall alſo be unfortunate in the other odes. If they have any fire; few will be warmed by it: or if they

they have any beauties; few will ſee them, conſider them, or be attracted by them. But ſuffer me to expatiate a little, upon the more ſerious pieces.

Looking over the Analytical Review the other day, I noticed Dr. Johnſon being introduced as an exploder of Sacred Poetry. Probably the charge is founded upon what the Doctor ſays upon ſacred poetry in his critique upon the Life and Writings of the celebrated Watts; who with all due deference to the name and character of Johnſon; was his ſuperior as a poet; and his equal as a moraliſt, philoſopher and critic. However, I was not ſo happy as to be acquainted with the opinion of this great Doctor, when the beauty and ſolemnity of St. Ambroſe's *Te Deum*, together with the awful and ſeaſonable manner in which it is introduced in the eſtabliſhed Morning-Service on Sundays, excited me to write near forty odes upon it. What ſucceſs they may have with the pious world in general, time will determine, but they

ſink far below the majeſty and ſimplicity of the original.

The *Te Deum*, is moſt certainly of a piece with that ſublime *Form of Words* to which it is attached: which Liturgy appears to me to be ſo admirably compiled, and ſo well calculated to anſwer the purpoſes of devotion, that I wonder all our chriſtian congregations which profeſs the like orthodoxy do not adopt it as a part of their Divine Service. Here is the moſt rational and heavenly employment for both Miniſter and people: whereas in extempore prayer, the Miniſter alone is exerciſed. Go into a congregation where extempore prayer is uſed only, and though the Miniſter is pouring out his ſoul to the ALMIGHTY in the moſt ardent and expreſſive manner, yet you may obſerve that unconcern upon his auditory, which probably would not be found, were *they* employed as well as *him*, as in the manner of the Eſtabliſhment:

ment: and an inſtance might convince you of it, did you make the ſame experiment upon the latter as the former: eſpecially, if the Miniſter is a lively good man, and the audience ſerious; which is the happy ſituation of many Churches in this Metropolis. Among the many mercies *England* has to thank GOD for and to improve, is that, of having an apoſtolical, rational, lively and divine Form of Worſhip: ſound, and purely evangelical in its doctrines, and richly animating in its language. And I beg leave further to obſerve, that, upon common occaſions, extempore prayer does well; but for Public Worſhip on the LORD'S Day, our eſtabliſhed Set of *Sound Words* does much better.

I freely own, that I can no more reſiſt the evidence poured on my underſtanding by reflection, obſervation, ſcripture, and experience, of the Fall of Man, Atonement by the blood and righteouſneſs of JESUS CHRIST alone; the virtue of which is

received

received by faith: the GODHEAD of his divine Perſon, together with the doctrine of the Trinity: than my open eyes can reſiſt the rays of a blazing ſun. And I ſolemnly avow, that I do not believe theſe great doctrines, merely on the account of the Churches of *England* and *Scotland* adopting them as their creed; but from a perſuaſion, that they are conſiſtent with the *Bible* and the experience of good men in all ages. So, how much ſoever thoſe that are born of GOD, are now in his love and fear by working righteouſneſs, may reliſh the other pieces of this little volume; the bigoted Socinian, and the follower of the ſtrange dreams of Baron Swedenbourg will reject them; but I hope that they will be ſo genteel as to allow me a like liberty with themſelves; for I ſhall love and reſpect them as good neighbours, but never think of diſturbing them in their Worſhip, much leſs, inſtigate a mob to pull down and burn their chapels.

I return

I return my moſt grateful thanks to the Nobiſity, Ladies and Gentry, (eſpecially the Clergy) for ſubſcribing to this Work; may the benignity they have herein diſplayed, meet with a tenfold return!

THE

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8 0060

ON

ON

MUSIC.

YE warbling train! begin the ſong,
Your melody prepare;
Bring ev'ry ſoothing, melting tongue,
And ev'ry noble air:
In ſymphonies divine,
Let ſofter voices join;
While bolder notes excel,
And ample chorus ſwell:
In concert with th' organ high blowing,
His thunder melodious, beſtowing!
The ſmoothly, and happy ton'd lyre,
And elegant band of the choir;
Charming our ſouls, and thrilling our veins,
With muſic's all pow'rful and raviſhing ſtrains.

Hail! bliſs inſpiring Art,
Sublime in ev'ry part:
Our pow'rs enlarg'd and free,
Expand to compaſs thee;
While thy ſweet force, and influence benign,
Beſpeak thy birth and origin divine.

To thee, the muſes bring
Their early choiceſt lays:
And raptur'd ſirens ſing,
And celebrate thy praiſe:
And dance the virtues round thy roſeat bow'rs,
And wreathe thy brows with amaranthine flow'rs.

From frantic kings, and mimic gods,
Or matrons, brought from dire abodes,
As ſung by *Windſor's* Swan;
Or taught by Dryden's tuneful reed,
Which Inſpiration deign'd to feed
With verſe of pureſt ſtrain:
To nobler themes,
And ſacred names,
Of prior age,
In holy page;
Ev'n muſic's high virtue to heal
Diſeaſes, and devils expel;
Conſtraining the fiend to retire,
Fly back to his ſulphur and fire!

And leave a rack'd potentate's breaſt,
To repoſe, to quiet, and reſt.

An evil ſpirit troubled Saul;
Great was his bane, his ſuccour ſmall;
It ſat as th' incubus, brooding;
On all his pleaſures intruding;
Conſcience, gave cruel laſhes,
Tophet, flam'd fiery flaſhes;
Fierce corrodings,
Black forebodings,
Mental horrors,
Piercing ſorrows,
Swarm'd thicker than his ſuppliant courtiers,
While he is the prey of their plagues and their tortures.
But with a matchleſs hand,
Great David ſtruck the lyre;
Each key at his command,
And ev'ry golden wire,
Being in motion;
Tun'd harmonious,
Sounds ſymphonious!
To his devotion:
The poor Monarch's boſom was raviſh'd, was charm'd;
And deſtruction appear'd of all terror diſarm'd!
Notes dilating,
Airs vibrating,

Melting meaſures,
Soothing pleaſures:
Ev'n up to heav'n the quiv'ring accents flew,
And all the bleſt to deep attention drew.
Unrivall'd chime,
To POW'RS ſublime;
Sole GODHEAD'S praiſe,
In dulcet lays;
Now breaking off with ſofteſt cadence low;
Then iſſuing clear with ſweet majeſtic flow.
With tortur'd ears!
The dæmon hears,
And from it hies,
As lightning flies,
And darkens half the ſpheres!
Retreats to his regions in thunder!
As ruffians atrocious from plunder,
More ſullen, malign, diſcontented,
When from miſchief infernal prevented.

So much of bliſs he could not bear;
The charming ſounds, his vitals tear;
Tormenting, as envenom'd darts,
Is melody in all her parts;
Diſcord his only joy, and he,
Abhors the ſweets of ſacred harmony.

Of war, my muſe, in martial ſtrain,
The ſcourge of nations and of men,
With all her horror, blood and pain.
Of ſacred wars by favour'd Iſr'el fought,
When by puiſſant Joſhua led,
Their champion, judge, and head:
Noble his preſence, and ſevere;
His ſoul undaunted, as his ſpear;
Lucid and piercing roll'd his eye,
As Venus in an ev'ning ſky;
And by his hands magnific deeds were wrought.

By the arm of Jacob's SALVATION,
He conquer'd from nation to nation;
Vaſt empires, and kingdoms o'erthrowing,
To piles of diſaſtrous ruin!
Storming, waſting, ſacking, burning;
Thron'd oppoſers proud, o'erturning;
Nor knew a peer, nor ſaw an equal hand,
Like ſword to wield, like victʼry to command.

For many a daring crime,
Doom'd *Jericho* muſt fall:
Drop all her domes ſublime,
And ev'ry tow'ring wall,
O *Calpe!* with milder artillery,
Than hell and *Iberia* thunder'd at thee;

Yet potent as bombs and gunnery, is found
Great muſic's all-pow'rful and levelling
ſound.

Six ſmiling ſunny morns,
They ſpent in circling marches;
With ſtrongly blaſted horns,
Shaking th' ample arches!
And martial ſongs reciting,
Some celebrated ſtory;
Or vet'rans brave inviting,
To ſhare the deathleſs glory:
Then round and round,
Round and round,
Round and round,
And round the walls again;
Trumpets ſounding,
Echos bounding,
Shouts aſcending,
The heav'ns rending:
With riotous craſhing,
As cat'racts a daſhing,
The bulwarks all tumble,
Form a horrible jumble,
And make a broad path for great Joſhua's men:
Who the citadel enter,
And pierce to the centre;
While falchions are ſlaying,
The living—dead laying;

Battalions

Battalions embattling,
Chariots loud rattling,
Horns pouring clangor,
Proclaiming dread anger,
Nor quit the ſcene till all are ſlain!
Smitten, lapſing;
Mortals gaſping;
Wounded, dying;
Tortur'd, crying;
Yet deaf the victor's ears, to their plaints and their pain.

Come Handel! from ambroſial grots,
Where beauteous cherubs dwell:
Dancing to thy ſeraphic notes,
Or liſt'ning to thy ſhell.
Ah! kindly deign to viſit earth,
Or aſk ſome ſoul of equal pow'rs:
Europe would riſe and bleſs the birth,
And ſhout a ſecond Handel, ours.
"But ah! that harp is ever ſilent laid,
"Nor will theſe climes his peer obtain;"
So cypreſs wreath'd Apollo weeping ſaid,
And ſummon'd all his vocal train,
T' adorn a Handel's hearſe,
With ſolemn dirgic verſe:
While th' Aonian *nine*,
Aſſiſtance gave divine;

But

But chiefly, fam'd Urania led the choir,
And with theſe meaſures fed the tragic fire.

CHORUS.

" *Flow, greatly flow,*
Sad tears of woe!
Heart-breaking ſorrows come.
Bring bitter cries, and piercing ſighs,
To pour o'er Handel's tomb.

SONG.

That angel hand, divinely taught,
To wing our ſouls to heav'n:
Its pow'rful magic hath forgot,
And to the grave is giv'n.

CHORUS.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad &c.

SONG.

Thoſe wond'rous pow'rs, ordain'd to pleaſe
The ears of liſt'ning thrones;
For ever from their labours ceaſe,
And change our lays to groans.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad &c.

To thee O Handel, muſic owes
Her firſt ſeraphic ſong;
Pure bliſs from ev'ry effort flows,
Through organ, lyre, and tongue.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad &c.

While martial ſounds awake the zeal,
And fan the patriot's flame,
Of ardor in *Britannia's* weal,
To raiſe her deathleſs fame.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad &c.

Nor are the pious leſs inſpir'd,
By thy ſublimer charms;
With majeſty their breaſts are fir'd,
And high devotion warms.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad &c.

Your grandeur cloud, ye ſacred piles!
And roll the half dumb peal,
Slowly reſponſive through the ailes,
To Handel's nightly knell:

Flow,

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad &c.

For ah; he's gone, he's gone, he's gone!
Great HEAVEN's ſole bounty here,
To reign unrivall'd, and alone,
In ſong's harmonic ſphere.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad tears of woe!
O'er fall'n Handel pour your humid treaſure
Unceaſing, without meaſure;
And round his urn let drooping willows grow.

GREAT CHORUS.

None ſo able ever fell,
In the tuneful art t' excell:
Whether to ſtrike the ſounding key,
Or pour the grand harmonious lay."

Now muſe, aſſume the day again:
Throw off this cheerleſs melancholy ſtrain,
And try to warble in a pleaſing vein.
Though dropp'd that zenith ſtar, yet many lights,
Their kindly influence lend:
And as we daring ſoar olympic heights,
Our feeble wings befriend.
Though Handel is no more:
Ariſe, ye happy ſtore,

For

By bounteous nature giv'n,
For earth to rival heav'n.
In all the charms of ſound or ſong,
From Billington, or Mara's tongue.
Stand up ye Haydns and ye Shields;
And ev'ry ſon that muſic yields.
Ye that dignify the race
Of Cramer, with peculiar grace;
And thou dear angel of a ſmaller ſize,
Sweet Carver!* lately borrow'd from the ſkies.
With piety and zeal,
The ſacred temple fill,
And there, the plauſive hallelujah pour,
Loud as the ſounding ſurge, when oceans roar;
Yet with melodious warbles ſweet,
As thoſe that heav'nly ſpirits greet,
Which are by fanning zephyrs led,
From th' od'rous myrtle's ſpicy bed,
Charm'd haunt of beings bleſt,
Of lovely harmony poſſeſt;
To HIM, whoſe mercy ſhall occaſion give,
For muſic in immortal day to live.

Ev'n life, with all her pride decays;
And powr's terreſtrial, they ſhall die;
But ſong, her happy throne ſhall raiſe,
Above the pearly concave of the ſky!

Shall

* Miſs Carver of Liverpool

Shall be the ſure ſurvivor of the ſtars,
When time's immers'd in everlaſting years.

When weak'ned nature hath repair'd her loſs,
And off is purg'd all baſe, immoral droſs;
When balmy peace, ſole monarchy obtains,
And heav'n's primeval choir unites its ſtrains,
Then ſhall one ceaſeleſs chorus grateful riſe,
To nature's GOD, all nature's ſacrifice.

AN EPISTLE IN THE STYLE of PASTORAL.

PART THE FIRST.

COME gentle Delia, let theſe arms
Encloſe my wedded fair:
Theſe penſive days and dreary nights,
Thy tedious ſtay declare.

Each

Each mead wears ſorrow, while the hills
Reſponſive to my lay,
Repeat in ſadneſs o'er the vales,
"Come Delia, come away."

Ah! why delaying? hither haſte;
Thy loving ſwain has twin'd,
A garland of his earlieſt pinks,
Thy beauteous brows to bind.

While *Spring*, with daiſied wreath, invites;
Unfolds his ev'ry ſweet;
And waits to ſtrew with vi'lets gay,
The progreſs of thy feet.

Then let thy boſom kind indulge
To Damon, ſoft repoſe;
That boſom as the lily fair,
And fragrant as the roſe.

Come gentle Delia with thy ſmiles
And chaſe this ſullen gloom;
I languiſh at thy hapleſs ſtay,
O come, my Delia, come.

PART THE SECOND.

NATURE hath often pleas'd herſelf
With many beauties rare;
But as her choice, beſt finiſh'd piece,
Gave up my Delia fair.

Ye rural youths with ruddy miens,
That tune the vocal reed,
As by ſome murm'ring brook you ſit,
From love's inchantment freed:

And ye fair nymphs with golden locks,
That ſtately tread the plain;
Attentive to your fleecy care,
Bear witneſs to my ſtrain:

If I to Delia faithleſs prove,
A Damon falſe, deſpiſe;
Struck with the virtues of her ſoul,
And lightning of her eyes:

If ever after other nymphs,
My footſteps rudely ſtray;
Forſake thoſe bright angelic charms
That all my paſſions ſway:

Let me be baniſh'd from your groves:
Neglected, let me die:
And not a ſwain deplore the death,
Or virgin raiſe a ſigh.

PART THE THIRD.

A Confidence in the ALMIGHTY *recommended.*

AH! Delia, why this flowing eye?
This humid cheek, this penſive ſigh?
This awful gloom, and heavy ſhade,
That o'er thy lovely mien pervade?

GOD of our lives! whom I implore.
I'll incenſe on thine altar pour,
Ere Phœbus ſilvers o'er the Eaſt,
Or paints with gold the pearly Weſt.

O teach my reed ſoft ſoothing airs;
Pow'rful to ſtop my Delia's tears;
Whilſt on this verd'rous bank reclin'd,
I ſtrive to charm her eaſleſs mind.

Nor may my fair one e'er refuſe,
The ſong of an *Arcadian* muſe;
The tuneful lays, if ſhe'll give ear,
Shall ſweetly dry up ev'ry tear.

See, yonder cheerful, ſprightly jay,
Alertly hop from ſpray to ſpray:
Unmindful what to-morrow brings,
He culls his food, and waves his wings.

And yonder ſtarry ſpangled flow'rs,
That ope their buds in Myra's bow'rs;
Serene they ſpring, and joyous grow,
Though they no toil, or labour know.

Yet hath the jay his pittance giv'n,
And all his wants ſupply'd by HEAV'N:
The tulip's pride, from hence obtains,
Its azure ſtreaks, and golden veins.

And will not our dear LORD provide,
Conduct where rills delicious glide,
Our lambs, makes his almighty care,
While they his kindly bleſſings ſhare?

To verdant paſtures gently lead,
With balmy herbage richly feed,
To cooling ſhades point their repoſe,
Or ſhelter them from falling ſnows?

O Delia, yes; then let a glow,
Of conſcious ſhame from Delia flow;
For thoughts ſo low of bounteous love
Redundant from the climes above.

In Strephon's fields, bleſt Pyrrha ſmiles;
HEAV'N knows her wants, and knows her toils;
In peace ſhe guides her flock along;
And charms the vallies with her ſong.

No ruffling cares fill Pyrrha's breaſt;
Of joy, and heav'nly calm poſſeſt;
Yet boaſt her lambs a goodly guide,
A Strephon's honour and his pride.

And Stella with white lilies crown'd,
Protects her folds on Neſtor's ground:
With gentle arm, the tender bears,
And guards them from awaiting ſnares.

Yet Stella's boſom knows no pain;
No thoughts ignoble in her reign;
No hurtful fear o'erſhades her eyes,
Since heav'nly GRACE hath large ſupplies.

Then let not Delia ever mourn;
But all her plaints to praiſes turn.
Great HEAV'N is angry when we droop;
But crowns with ſmiles our active hope.

See, lover ſee, 'tis ſmiling *May*;
All nature ſweet, ſerene and gay:
Ambroſial gales, and woodland choirs,
Yield all their charms to thy deſires.

Here teach the liſt'ning nymphs thy lays;
Here warble our great PASTOR praiſe;
That ſongſter ſhrill, will drop his note,
And own thee empreſs of the grot.

Our pretty lambs with chearful looks,
Shall joyous friſk by purling brooks;
By blooming hills on ſweets regale,
And ſhare the lux'ry of the vale.

No Strephon with his Pyrrha bleſt,
Or Neſtor with his Stella grac'd,
Shall drink of pleaſures half ſo rare,
As Damon, with his Delia fair.

TO

DIVINE CONTENTMENT.

COME meek-ey'd cherub! deign to reign,
And o'er my pow'rs an empire gain,
Ah, ſway this yielding breaſt!
O come in all thy heav'nly forms;
And huſh theſe ſad internal ſtorms,
Intruſive on my reſt.

No patron thou to ſlothful eaſe,
No pimp, the epicure to pleaſe,

To urge with ſiren lays;
The ſage divinity within,
To mix in cloſe embrace with ſin,
Then boaſt of quiet days.

Nor hath the ſoul thy gracious ſmile,
That is a ſtranger to the toil.
Requir'd by chriſtian lore;
To reach to wiſdom's higheſt ken,
Of all the wiles employ'd by men,
T' uſurp fair virtue's pow'r.

Her enemies light up a ray,
Languid as Cynthia's to the day,
Pour'd by th' effulgent ſun!
The ſinner vain, with low built thought,
And into wretched ſtupor wrought,
Believes it peerleſs noon.

In vain a Crœſus boaſts his hold
Of thee, through graſping bags of gold,
Divine, impartial maid!
Unknown to av'rice, are thy charms,
Unſeiz'd by mercenary arms,
Ev'n on a ſilken bed.

Too few alas! thy bliſs enjoy:
Thy ſweets from courts not only fly,

But rarely reach the cell!
In minds renew'd by Grace alone,
Where JESUS loves t' erect his throne,
'Tis thy delight to dwell.

TO THE

LARKS.

SWEETLY, harmonious, warbling choir!
Still ſweeter as you riſe:
Richly heav'nizing high'r and high'r,
Th' orcheſtre of the ſkies.

Say, hath th' ethereal muſic lent
Your tribes to lower ſpheres?
Or bade you wing our firmament
With her divineſt airs?

Your melting and melodious notes
Inebriate my pow'rs:
Methinks, I rove through ſacred grots,
And tread elyſian bow'rs.

I greatly

I greatly quaff ambroſial gales,
And drink a purer day:
Whilſt ſong with ev'ry charm aſſails,
And bears my ſoul away.

TO THE

MORNING.

AURORA! ſhew thy lovely face:
With ev'ry charm appear;
Uſher the ſun's enliv'ning rays
And this dull circle chear.

Pierce through this intervening ſhade,
And yonder mountains gild;
Old night will ſhrink before thy glade,
And eaſy empire yield.

Sublime upon thy golden car,
Reach out thy roſy hand,
The pearly gates of light t' unbar,
And orient day expand.

The feather'd choirs thy coming wait,
To quit their downy neſt.
And gentle zephyrs ſmiling greet,
Thy mien with bluſhes dreſt.

The flow'ry gems unfold their leaves,
To court thy genial aid:
And blooming verdure life receives,
At thy approach ſweet maid!

Come then, bright empreſs of the morn,
Abſorb theſe little fires!
Nature with beauty now adorn,
For nature thee requires.

While the chear'd peaſant joyous ſpeaks
Of thee, with new delight;
Thy ſplendor as a torrent breaks
Upon his raviſh'd ſight.

TO THE

EVENING.

COME, friend to meditation, come;
Aſſume thy native hue;
Diſperſe around thy pleaſing gloom
And ſhade th' ethereal blue.

Invited

Invited by thy rayleſs ſky,
The prophet * leaves his tent;
Thy breath inhales with placid eye,
On holy muſings bent.

That philomela pours his note
Symphonious, on the ſpray:
To celebrate in yonder grot,
Thy progreſs o'er the lea.

Thy drear approach on buſy life,
A balmy opiate ſheds;
Grave ſilence reigns, and noiſe and ſtrife,
Recline their weary heads.

Thy bright attendant ſilver moon,
For thy arrival waits;
Serene to pour her fainter noon,
Before thy ebon gates.

Whilſt Venus, leading to repoſe,
Rekindles all her rays;
And heav'n her pageantry beſtows,
To form one boundleſs blaze.

Come then, in ſable veſt array'd,
Border'd with flowing gold:
With all thy ſtarry pomp diſplay'd,
So charming to behold.

TO

* Geneſis xxiv. 63.

TO

PEACE.

THOU beauteous angel of our iſle;
Array'd with each ambroſial ſmile,
  Remount thy golden throne:
And undiſturb'd as BRUNSWIC, reign;
An empire o'er our hearts maintain,
  And call our climes thy own.

Sweet contraſt to the hideous form,
We late ſaw ride the black-wing'd ſtorm
  Of waſting diſcord drear:
Led by the drum's diſtracting noiſe;
And all th' ear grating, piercing cries
  Of torture in the rear.

Know heav'nly maid, that ſouls like thine,
  In royal GEORGE and CHARLOTTE dwell:
Prepar'd by principle divine,
  To cultivate thy bleſſing well;
Their palaces thy temples are!
Strangers to tumult, rage and war.

Then

Then deign thine olive wand t' extend,
Where e'er thine *Albion* has a friend;
Ah ſtop Bellona's roar!
So ſhall our growing commerce raiſe,
Reſplendent altars to thy praiſe,
And ſmile beneath thy pow'r.

ON

BENEVOLENCE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To R. S. Eſq. of *Briſtol.*

COME heav'nly muſe, Urania deign t' inſpire,
Enrap my ſoul with thy celeſtial fire:
To pour harmonious meaſures, teach my tongue,
'Till angels liſten to my flowing ſong.
And thou, dear Benefactor lend an ear;
And on thy brow the Writer's numbers wear;
Nor thank him for the lines he doth beſtow,
As thy kind hand firſt urg'd thoſe lines to flow.

Immortal Virgil, wedded to the *nine*,
Sang ſweetly of munificence divine:
Proclaim'd a Scipio, and Auguſtus too,
And gave to noble deeds, the plaudits due.
His grateful ſoul knew not its ardor leſs,
The donor's gift, as hero's arms to bleſs:
Scipio was great, Auguſtus good and kind;
This ſhakes the ſoul! that charms the human mind;
Hence, office of perpetuator bears,
And gives to each a name amongſt the ſtars.

Horace, not nurs'd to arms, he fled the field;
Did toils of war for ſofter laurels yield.
He with th' Aonian maids would ſport and play,
In forming lyrics fling his hours away.
Though ripe his verſe for his Apollo's lyre,
And rapt his ſoul with pure poetic fire;
He'd not to worth deny his crowning lays,
Or be unmindful of his patron's praiſe:
Mecænas often urg'd his warmeſt ſong,
And flung the meaſures freely from his tongue.

When great victorious *Rome* had quell'd the world,
And from their ſeats had kings, and kingdoms hurl'd:
The thund'ring *eagle* with imperious ſway,
Flam'd on the flag, and ſummon'd thrones t'obey.

At

At her dread feet, ſee crowned ſuppliants bow,
And trembling ſceptred ſlaves allegiance vow!
Bathing in blood, and clad with peerleſs arms,
Monarchies tumble where ſhe ſpreads alarms;
'Till nothing left to conquer, all ſubdu'd;
And fully ſated all her ſons with blood.
They turn their wiſhful eyes from ſanguine Mars,
And Venus court as daughter of the ſtars:
Bow to her ſhrine, praiſe her with ſofteſt ſong,
As ſhe by milk-white doves is drawn along.
Preſent their Ovid, ſhe their gift approves,
And bids him warble of gay ſmiling loves:
The luſcious poet feeds a guilty flame,
And lights up torches to th' inſidious dame:
Boaſts his great ſkill in each unworthy art,
Of captivating Julia's eaſy heart:
But when from love, and pleaſure 's ſoftneſs free,
He'd twine a wreath, BENEVOLENCE, for thee.

But I, the meaneſt of the tuneful race;
Void of that fire which Virgil's numbers grace:
Nor can with Ovid's melting meaſures vie,
Much leſs with Horace charm a liſt'ning ſky!
Yet I'll attempt to pour melodious ſtrains,
While grateful thought or ſentiment remains;
Since S***re demands my warmeſt ſong,
And claims the thankful tribute of my tongue.

Hail gen'rous man! may happy ſkies
Eternal roll, ſucceſſive riſe,
No cloud e'er intervene:
No baneful ſhade. or hurtful gloom,
To damp thy flowing joys, preſume,
But all be quite ſerene.

As waves on mildeſt ſouthern ſeas,
Which only feel the fanning breeze,
So may thy moments glide:
Yet may the hours as they come on,
Bringing tranquility alone
On richer mercies ride.

May *Summer*, *Autumn*, and the *Spring*,
Perpetual ſmile, perpetual ſing
Around thy roſeat bow'rs:
No winter with his killing froſts,
No brutal blaſts diſturb thy coaſts,
Or nip thy balmy flow'rs.

Yet may the gently falling dews
Fertility around diffuſe,
Ambroſial odours riſe:
Fair zephyrs bring their ſoft'ning gales,
And Flora glad thy blooming vales,
As ſhe recumbent lies.

Ye angels! mind your ſacred care,
Preſerve his life from ev'ry ſnare,
From Belial's lurking ſons:*
So ſhall you merit brighter meeds,
And be for ſuch propitious deeds,
Advanc'd to higher thrones.

And when poor changing time is o'er,
And vital ſpirits act no more,
But quit the heavy clay:
Gather'd t' unſublunary bliſs,
Be that tranſcendent ſoul of his,
From realms of mortal day.

ON

VIRTUE.

DESCENDED th' elyſian hills,
VIRTUE auguſtly fills
An opal throne which truth ſuſtains,
Amid thoſe ever verd'rous plains,
Where dews nectareous lapſe, and heav'n ambroſia rains.

* Alluding to a burglary committed at his country-ſeat.

The glories of the triple colour'd bow;
The radiance of yon zenith climbing day;
Are languid to the dazzle of her brow;
Opacous to the pure unſully'd ray.
That forms the ti'ra of this lovely queen,
Or blazes round her majeſty ſerene.

Diſpenſer of th' ETERNAL's treaſures, ſhe,
In firm poſſeſſion holds the earth and ſkies;
Deputed by the ſov'reign DEITY,
To crown with nobleſt meeds the good and wiſe:
The good and wiſe, a double boon receive;
What bliſs theſe tranſitory climes can give,
And to ſweet hope, what joys in brighter worlds may live:
Yet like her PATRON, bountiful to all;
Ah, would the libertine before her fall;
Not as her rival falſe, he'd prove her kind;
And own great VIRTUE worthy of th'immortal mind.

AGAINST

VICE.

NOW had fell anarchy with baleful eyes,
Kindled a howling tempeſt in the ſkies;
Bidding Bellona throughout *Britain* roar:
Deluge the land with precious native gore.
But lo! th' inteſtine bellowing horrors ceaſe;
And *Britain* wraps herſelf once more with peace:
Once baniſh'd monarchy, with ſmiles returns,
And gratitude to HEAV'N divinely burns.

Satan chagrin'd at *Albion's* proſp'rous days,
With wonted ſpleen her future bane aſſays;
Summons to council all his black compeers,
And loud as thunder utters in their ears:

"My vet'rans brave, in ancient years renown'd;
Who long againſt HEAV'N's prowefs ſtood your ground.
Too oft we've ween'd, by arms to overthrow,
The vaunting terror of our mighty foe:

But

But ah, by fixed fate ſo firm his throne,
Our open meaſures treble ire brought down:
Yet not ſo great, as quite t' avert our ſkill
From uſing ſubtle means t' oppoſe his will;
With theſe attempt. See there ſecurely ſmiles,
As our antagoniſt bids, that chief of iſles.
Where erſt we rode in our triumphal car,
Waſhing her realms with all the blood of war!
But by his word, our legions now are driv'n,
From where we deem'd was up t' our ravage giv'n.
Behold! what domes are building to his fame:
Riſing in celebration of his name.
How ſhall we act? new projects let us try,
His purpoſe great t' evade, or to deſtroy,
Which ſeems all diligent this iſle to bleſs
With richeſt gifts its borders to careſs.
"Go, go my mates and rove o'er yonder ſtrand,
"Pour out your poiſon on the ſea-girt land:
"Bid prince and peaſant, mendicant and lord,
"Deſpiſe their maker, and blaſpheme his word.
"Poſſeſs the poet with your native fire:
"And teach the prieſt to temporize for hire.
"Inſtruct, how conſciences are bought and ſold,
"And all a dream, but pleaſure, wine and gold,
"As peſtilential ruin, may you run,
"And viſit ev'ry corner with the ſun."

Thus

Thus order'd, two infernal columns flew,
T' aſſume the taſk to each aſſign'd their due.
A legion lights upon a regal ſeat,
Superbly fine, magnificently great:
Through hurricanes of fire, and ſeas of blood,
Brought ſafely there, her owner by his GOD,
T' enjoy repoſe, and calm the ſceptre bear
As *Albion's* Sire, that HEAV'N deputed care.
This prince, to hell's dictators hearing lent,
And all his days in profligacy ſpent:
As if he doubted to obtain of hell,
Her praiſe, unleſs he acted lecher well.
His courtiers vy'd in madneſs with their lord,
And grace and virtue tumbled overboard,
Replete his palaces with bucks, and beaux,
And things more baſe, as gracious HEAV'N knows.
The ſounds of Charles's fame through th' empire ring;
And ah, the ſubjects muſt be like their King.
'Twas ſedition, worthy of ire condign,
Not as a Rocheſter in vice to ſhine:
Soldiers and ſailors, tinkers, and ſo forth,
Were taught to keep a miſs, and mouth an oath!

Th' other ſwarm, as a black meteor broad,
Deſcends, on what was term'd the church of GOD.

The

The mitred Gaudens of that lordly day,
Their dark directors chearfully obey.
By court aſſiſtance, ſenatorial aid,
Succeſsful war againſt the ſkies was made.
A double thouſand ſtars hurl'd from their ſpheres!
And angels wept the fall with balmy tears.
Ah hell, ah hierarchy, ah thou ſilken crown,
Enough for theſe ſo far to feel your frown.
So as you might have all the plunder ſhar'd,
And yet their uſefulneſs have kindly ſpar'd:
No more an Owen pours his eloquence;
Nor charms a Bates, with his immortal ſenſe.
Silenc'd is Baxter's ſoft perſuaſive tongue:
And venerable Howe witheld the throng:
Nor Manton ſuffer'd to harangue the crowd,
With his pure lore, elaborate and loud.

Thus Stuart, and Morley, lent a helping hand,
For vice to caſt her poiſon on the land.
This highly griev'd the bright attentive mind,
Of *Britain's* Regent, pow'rful, true, and kind.
As Mich'el, * Iſr'el's prince of yore, ſo he,
Is *Albion's*, miſſion'd by the DEITY.
Or rather prime of that ethereal band,
Which round her borders fix their daily ſtand;

* Daniel x. 21.

But

(But gather moſt, where royal GEORGE appears,
And for his ſafety uſe ſucceſsful cares.)
With port auguſt, and limpid piercing eye,
And voice as muſic in the vaulted ſky;
And rais'd elate upon a lunar bow,
Whoſe radiance charm'd th' admiring crowd below;
While pompous glories with day-vying ſheen,
Flow'd round his orb, and rob'd his beauteous mien!
In graceful attitude the ſeraph ſpoke,
And urg'd his charge to break off Satan's yoke;
Alſo, no more to ſtretch the neck of pride,
But ſtem th' o'erflowing of ſin's noxious tide.
Much eloquence againſt the vicious us'd,
And with theſe words, the ſweet oration clos'd.

"O Swearing impious! thou breath of hell;
The fury's di'lect, and the harpy's yell,
Why hath man learnt thee? why will he invoke?
And dare th' OMNIPOTENT's uplifted ſtroke.
O *Britain*, ſtand aloof, thine ambient air,
Corrupted is with execrable pray'r,
Adjoining nations dread thee—O decline,
Thy ſcandalous audacity and ſin;
Leſt future judgements pour on double ire,
And for this crime plunge thee in fiercer fire.

Though

Though ſpecious vice unfolds her ſilken wings;
With gaudy plumage, as a ſiren ſings;
Erects her baleful neſt amid the ſtars;
And with her muſic ſeems to charm the ſpheres:
May *Albion's* ſons with eager arms embrace,
The beauteous form of bliſs-ſecuring Grace:
Ethereal born, prime offspring of the ſky,
With her ambroſial ſmiles, and placid eye.
Poſſeſt of her, in all her heav'nly charms,
The happy mind is fir'd, the boſom warms;
A flood of pleaſure breaks upon the ſoul,
And joys, on joys, in ſweet ſucceſſion roll.
No longer Vice an angel's aſpect wears;
But dungeon horror on her brow appears:
And fearful gath'ring ſtorms impendant low'r,
Ready on ſinners ev'ry plague to ſhow'r.
Ah ſqualid harpy, at a diſtance ſeen,
Through hell's perſpective, like ſome radiant queen,
How art thou chang'd to reaſon's truer ken,
To a ſpectre ſable wing'd of filthieſt den!
Thou cauſe of human loſs, and human woe;
Kindler of wrath above, and fires below:
In flames abyſmal plunge thy ſnaky head,
Nor *Albion's* beach pollute with horrid tread."

A Com-

A COMPLIMENT TO A CANDID PARSON.

HAIL orator of peerleſs grace,
Our antient P——r's rector:
Supreme of all her cleric race,
And their divine protector.

Permit a trembling bard the fame
Of ſounding of thy glory:
Thy dazzling worth he'll make his theme;
And with thee crown his ſtory.

For though th' attempt's with leaden wing,
Yet ſo ſublime the hero!
Succeſs will greater honours bring
Than ever crown'd a Zeno.

Sooted with pure Tartarean ſmoke,
Thou wear'ſt a tarniſh nightly,
Nor would a Dean'ry thee provoke,
To own the ſhade unſightly:

It being thy moſt fav'rite hue:
And richly dignifying!
Perhaps thy diſpenſation too,
For curſing and for lying.

But O! thy ſervice in the church:
Thy reverential buſtling!
Thine entrance in the hallow'd porch,
With thy prunella ruſtling!

Ah! theſe are themes for me too high:
Nor can my fancy reach them:
My muſe muſt lower ſubjects try,
As circumſtances teach them.

How would a Bonner bleſs his ſtars,
That ſuch a ſun is riſen;
To ſcatter from the *Britiſh* ſpheres,
The clouds of Methodiſm.

Thy holy paths, thy pious ways,
Are thitherwards deſcending,
Where ſhortly thine with Bonner's face,
Will mutual grins be blending.

Thy merit high we underſtood,
And ſent a joint petition,
For *Parliament* to be ſo good,
As grant the wiſh'd addition.

Yet,

Yet, as domeſtic cravings call,
And them to ſerve, a duty:
But farthings to thy curates fall,
Of all the added booty.

Howe'er, with turtle, pig, or fowl,
Thou canſt be greatly merry:
And ſoak thy conſecrated ſoul,
With claret, port, or ſherry.

Whereas in pinching days of yore,
What hadſt to mutter grace on?
But meatleſs bones, potatoes poor,
And flat ungen'rous raiſin.

Ye hypocrites! with whining cant,
Of holy inſpiration:
Did Thomas inſpiration want
At time of ordination?

He was inſpir'd with nobleſt views,
Of having gifts augmented:
And of the flocks, the beſt to chuſe,
And be with them contented.

AN

EXECRATION

OF THE

SLAVE TRADE.

O Commerce dire! big with infernal crimes,
This ſanguine traffic of enlight'ned times!
This black ferocious hunting after men,
Wants reprobation from a Hayley's pen!
O had I Homer's genius, Pindar's fire,
Or could as Gray with verſes feed the lyre,
I'd vie in keenneſs each ſatiric line,
With which the pages of a Peter* ſhine.
The barking wolves, and midnight owls, command
To hoot the traffic from this happy land:
Call up the dragons from their ſnaky cell,
To blaſt the buſineſs to its native hell:
Flog with the ſcourges of Alecto's rod,
The merchandizer in his brother's blood!
But ah! the muſe deſpairs t' obtain her ends,
To touch theſe callous unrelenting fiends!
Embark'd,

* *Peter Pindar.*

Embark'd, th' inhuman trader's on the ſeas,
His human prey rapaciouſly to ſeize!
Ye deeps be kind, the deſtin'd harbour ſpare;
And to an unknown port his veſſel bear.
Ye ſtorms, ye ſqualls, ye hurricanes ariſe;
T' impede him in his brutal merchandize.
Blow off his bark, ye guſts, to ſuch a coaſt,
As he may be to rational beings loſt;
Where wretched human foot hath never trod;
To where before no mortal found the road.
Here, diſappointed in his wicked views,
May all his ſenſes all their ſavage loſe:
Yet he, repentance find by grace of HEAV'N,
Pardon obtain, and leave the world forgiv'n.

But ah! ye aiding winds, why would you land
This cruel dealer on his wiſh'd-for ſtrand?
O woe! woe! woe! to *Guinea's* feeble ſons,
I muſt their horrid doom and fate pronounce:
The captain's come, to ſeize without delay;
And as a fury fierce to fang his prey!
Behold him tearing huſband from the wife!
Deſtroying ev'ry ſocial tie of life!
Herding his brethren in his nether cell,
Himſelf their devil! and his hold their hell!
While from the beach, ſky-rending ſhrieks declare,
What frantic mothers, and what children there!

Pouring their execrations on his head!
Bidding th' ALMIGHTY's thunder ſtrike him dead!
But vengeance yet delays! he clears the coaſt
Deaf to their cries, to their intreaties loſt:
And of the ſofter ſex, ah, wretched too,
He largely deals to his libidinous crew!
With appetite canine they ſeize, they feed,
And glory in the more than ſtygian deed!
My heart-ſtrings tremble, and my blood recoils,
Fierce indignation in my ſpirit boils!
Didſt thou O Sun! ſtart back at Atreus' crime?
And will not this aſtound thine orb ſublime?

'Midſt all reſtraint, impartially made known
By all the laws of HEAV'N's unerring throne,
Who gave thee man, a latitude ſo great?
Who thy co-equals put beneath thy feet?
Who bade thee foreign regions to explore,
And wantonly invade a peaceful ſhore,
Nature's free ſons in iron chains to bind,
And throw a Satan's yoke on human kind?
Ah, fever thirſt for gold, O curſt deſire!
Eager as hell, that burning, quenchleſs fire.

Ye black negotiators! hear the lay;
If fed by panthers on your natal day,
Or nurs'd by wolves of moſt voracious breed:
Or are the ſpawn of furious Geryon's ſeed.

O hear

O hear ye bad! and tremble while you hear:
And for ſevereſt ſtrokes your backs prepare!
Infernal tortures ſhall your ſouls poſſeſs;
Your hopes cut off, from HEAV'N's long ſuff'ring grace.
Th' undying worm your vitals ſhall corrode,
And black perdition be your fix'd abode,
Unleſs, repentance weeps its tears of blood,
And turns your harden'd natures unto GOD.

"O THOU! whoſe pow'r in ancient ages broke
From off thine Iſr'el's neck, th' *Ægyptian* yoke:
Now let theſe creatures' groans aſcend the ſkies,
To force compaſſion from all-ſeeing Eyes.
Canſt Thou look down, and not with pity ſee
Their woe, and complicated miſery?
Are yearnings from thy tender bowels fled?
Doth Judgement reign alone? *Is Mercy dead?*
Ah! let them ſee the day of freedom break,
A more than Pharaoh's bondage from their neck:
Invoking Thee to end what's *now* begun:
And uſher liberty's meridian ſun."

A COM-

A COMPLIMENT TO A FINE POET.

WHY *Chat!* if diſappointment foul
Had not to *Hades* flung thee;
Fierce envy haply in thy ſoul,
As ſorely might have ſtung thee.

For truly Blaſe has iſſu'd now
His rhyming publication:
Which is, as critics muſt allow,
The glory of the nation.

Bleſt writer! whom the muſes greet
With twice ten thouſand kiſſes:
Dance round a poet ſo complete,
So ſuited to their wiſhes.

Old Homer, ere of peerleſs note
Muſt loſe his fame for ever:
Since every ſtanza Blaſe has wrote
Appears ſo monſtrous clever.

On

On *Pindus* Sam with all his pains,
Can ne'er make make one reprizal:
Th' Aonian ſummit Tommy gains
And reigns Apollo's rival.

But ſhould Apollo in a huff,
Our bard to move be bidding;
He'll joſtle ev'n his godſhip off,
And be the cock o' th' midding.

Ah Peter! Peter! doſt thou know
This author has undone thee?
My bowels grumble at the woe,
That's ruſhing faſt upon thee:

For now, no mortal to thy ſong
Will any notice render:
For BLASE will ſit on ev'ry tongue,
Inſtead of Peter Pindar.

Hayley, though tow'ring in his flights,
And rich in verſifying:
Dares ne'er attempt to wing ſuch heights,
Or kick *Olympus* flying!

Leſt giddineſs on ſpheres ſo proud,
Should cauſe a fall as humble:
How would the gods then laugh aloud
To ſee a poet tumble!

Poor Sam! as he low grov'ling lies,
Ne'er dreams of lines comparing:
Yet cannot, but with both his eyes,
In fix'd ſurprize, be ſtaring,

At this phænomenon of verſe!
Whoſe form and ſtrength aſtound him:
Whoſe wit's ſtrong flaſhes do no leſs
Than dazzle and confound him.

Thus wond'ring, Cynthia may gaze,
At yonder ſun indulgent:
Yet never ween her ſplendors raiſe,
A luſtre half ſo fulgent.

TO THE

WORLD.

A JUVENILE ESSAY.

ADIEU, falſe ſiren! with thy ſplendid charms.
No more thy ſong ſhall my attention gain:
Nor ſhall this breaſt with feveriſh deſire

Pant

Pant any more for thy ſublunary joys.
Alas! the all, with which thou lur'ſt the crowd;
Although it ſeems to man a hov'ring heav'n
Of ſparkling wealth, 'tis nothing in th' embrace
But fleeting air, or unſubſtantial ſhadow.

Ah! why ſhould beings form'd to fill the thrones
Of deathleſs glory, cleave with eager ſoul
To thee? thou baſeſt of of terreſtrial cheats.
With low contemptuous inſolence, diſdain
Celeſtial fields of light and ſtarry wreaths,
Imperial honours and ſublime abodes;
With all the beauty of yon argent ſpheres,
To be thy devotee, and abject drudge:
A ſlave, a vaſſal to thy ſure caprice:
Beneath thy ſmile to let his paſſions rule,
And in a phrenzy butcher half mankind:
Or fall a victim to thy partial frown.

When wing'd by the ALMIGHTY's vengeful arm,
Acute diſeaſes lay thy vot'ries low;
So as the pulſe ſcarce tell, that life remains,
While the vibration of the pendant clock,
Repeats the moments as they ſadly fly.
When nature ſtruggling, ſummon's all her pow'rs,

To

To make one grand attempt againſt her foe;
But vain is all her might. When the poor ſoul,
Though preſs'd with guilt's accumulated load,
Pond'rous enough to cruſh a thouſand worlds,
Muſt fall a horrid precipice in ſhades;
And void of hope, quit hold of thee for ever.
Canſt thou O harlot! for him then, procure,
Who dup'd by thee, is beggar'd and bereav'd
Of GOD, of grace, of pardon, and of glory,
One dram of pleaſure, one grain of real joy?
Or ſtop the murd'rer, death, and ſeize his ſword?
And if a human heart muſt have the ſtab,
To cauſe it in ſome boſom to be plung'd,
That ne'er was led by thy curſt ſorceries,
To barter heav'nly thrones for pangs of hell?
No, at that hour when MERCY hides her face;
And hell is yawning to receive her prey:
A motive only all thy ſuccours prove,
To heighten torture, and invite deſpair.

If theſe thy golden joys O earth! thy fair,
Thy blooming *Edens* theſe! how wiſe the man,
Who views thy gems as tranſitory toys;
And treads thy riches as terreſtrial duſt!
Who conſcious of his high ethereal birth,
With godlike ſoul, diſdains by abject ſtoop
To pick thy ſtraws of ſenſualizing pleaſures.

But

But led by virtue, ſteadily purſues
Immortal glories, and ſeraphic bliſs:
Eternal ſun-ſhine, and ſubſtantial good:
With all thoſe pure ambroſial ſweets that riſe,
From ſenſibility of grace obtain'd
In the auguſt and peerleſs COURT of heav'n
Thus, in purſuing of ſuch worth, he flies
Thee, empty void! and ſoars triumphant heights,
Above yon blazing ſun, or azure ſky:
To where the angels ſee the face of GOD,
His bliſsful face unveil'd, and from the fount
Of gliding joys, partake delicious draughts.

A

COMPLIMENT

TO A

CRITIC.

AH Bluſhton with ſcholaſtic grace,
Thy name to poets, ſcareful!
Fierce Hotſpur of the learned race,
With talents keen and fearful!

Poſſeſs'd of thee, our land no more
Regrets the loſs of Johnſon,
More deeply vers'd in critic's lore
Than Rymer, Gay, or Tonſon.

Which ſcriblers rue and reaſon thus,
"He hath in combination,
A Dennis, and a Zoilus.
By vexing tranſmigration."

Or art thou Cheynell's grinning ghoſt?
Of diſpoſition ſurly:
Deputed by th' hobgoblin hoſt
To raiſe this hurly burly.

As, what we wrought with mighty pain,
Beneath thee lies in ſhatters:
And all the labours of our pen
Are torn to rags and tatters!

In *greek* and *latin*, matchleſs thou:
Nor can the *hebrew* choak thee!
Ah, why dare poetaſters low
With dogg'rel verſe provoke thee.

A *Vatican* the maſs would yield
Of all her monkiſh lumber:
To have a man ſo knowing held,
Among her ſable number.

Church dignities alone are fit,
For one in arts ſo mellow:
Thy pudding of the fineſt wheat
And all thy robes, prunella.

For what's a Bacon or a Locke?
With all their vain belles-lettre:
Of knowledge, mimicry and mock,
Compar'd to thee their better.

Apollo darkens his abodes;
And gives a hollow grumble:
Begins to cuff the demi-gods
And vows he'll make them humble:

Since ſuch a prodigy of parts,
Is teem'd by homely *K—n*:
And *K—l* amidſt her ruſtic arts,
Can ſay, "I've hatch'd a BLUSHTON!"

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

HAIL PRINCE illuſtrious of the illuſtrious line
Of royal BRUNSWIC! may no chearleſs cloud
Eclipſe that SUN which we expect to riſe
In all the beauty of tranſcendent luſtre
Upon th' horizon of this happy empire:
But as he mounts the zenith of his glory,
May heav'nly MERCY make that glory laſting:
While kindly influences from his high orb,
Diſtil upon our ſpheres with richeſt bleſſings,
And raviſh ev'ry loyal ſoul with gladneſs.

TO A

MUSICAL LADY.

WHENE'ER Timotheus ſwept the golden wire,
Angelic ſweetneſs iſſu'd from his lyre:
So when COSMELIA's fingers touch the key
My ſoul in heav'nly tranſports melts away.

TO

TO

JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD, Eſq.

NOR ſhould a bard from near *Etruria* riſe,
Without enthroning WEDGEWOOD in the ſkies,
With beauteous brilliancy inſert his name,
Among the noble heirs to deathleſs fame.
Sons of the clay! your friend and ſire behold!
And for his footſteps ſpread the cloth of gold.
His ſoul capacious opens all its ſtores,
And on your *art* a flood of genius pours:
Aſtoniſh'd, ev'ry gazing artiſt ſtands,
At the creation of a WEDGEWOOD's hands.
Amidſt a lordly ſtate, humane his mind;
To each dependant as a Whitebread kind.
As a fair pine whoſe branch with fruitage bends;
Not only food, but grateful umbrage lends:
Serving the trav'ller in a dark'ning rain,
'Till glorious Phœbus flaſhes day again:
So he, whom now the muſe oblig'd would ſing,
Shelters the abject with a tender wing.
By high illuſtrious STAFFORD greatly priz'd,
And by our royal CHARLOTTE patroniz'd;
He's ſedulous that all ſhall anſwer this,
The great advancement of a gen'ral bliſs.

TO

Mrs. S.----.

MILL HOUSE, near *Stroud, Gloſterſhire.*

IF Gab'rel was oblig'd awhile
From bliſs to make a ſhort exile;
Commence a reſident on earth,
Appear as one of mortal birth:
Yet from a paſſion richly nice,
Would form a fair auſpicious choice,
Of thoſe, with whom he'd deign t' abide,
And in their houſe and home reſide,
Long as his bright continuance laſted,
Or his allotted time was waſted;
As being a judge of genuine merit,
WHERE wit, and worth, and grace inherit;
Poſſeſſing no ignoble mind,
But ſweet as love, as goodneſs, kind;
Sure ſuffrage to MARIA would be giv'n,
Her ſoul like GOD, and moſt akin to Heav'n.

TO

MR. S---.

Near *Stroud, Gloſterſhire.*

RAIN ſweets ye ſkies! let ev'ry gift deſcend
On him who is the father, brother, friend:
Where thoſe endearing titles loſe no charms:
Like Joſeph, he's the amiable and good;
Ever with meekneſs, as with grace endu'd,
Shines by example, while his converſe warms.
Should DEITY propitious hear my pray'r;
Celeſtials will preſerve him as their care
Unhurt, amidſt each life-awaiting ſnare.
Divinely ſmoothe time's mazy rugged way,
As his bleſs'd footſteps tend t' immortal day:
More and more proſper each ſucceeding hour,
On all his toil ambroſial graces ſhow'r,
Richly repay ſuch flaming worth below,
Eternally, where joys unfading grow.

TO

TO A

GREAT and WORTHY FRIEND.

JOCUND pleaſures, liveſy joy
On your fleeteſt pinions fly:
Him ſalute, and him careſs,
Never ceaſe his ſoul to bleſs.
Brighten O HEAV'N with thy rays,
Ev'ry epoch of his days:
Be his bliſs of pureſt kind,
By thy ſun-ſhine on his mind:
In a verdant robe ſerene,
Nature's chaſte and lovely green,
Gay, as that where Pſyche repoſes,
Th' eaſy couch on which ſhe dozes;
O may his bow'rs be array'd,
Nor th' elyſium know to fade.

THE

TE DEUM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Te Deum laudamus*, that is, We praiſe thee, O God, &c. is that fine hymn which is chaunted in Cathedrals, and rehearſed in Churches and Chapels in the interval of reading the firſt and ſecond leſſon in the Morning Service. Tradition, according to Dr. Biſſe, reports, That it was compiled by St. Ambroſe for the baptiſm of St. Auguſtine, and has been uſed in the Church for above thirteen hundred years. His panegyric upon it, is as follows, "'Tis a Hymn to the Holy TRINITY, worthy of the ſpouſe of CHRIST, rational and majeſtic: and among all the compoſures of man uninſpired made for the Sanctuary, this may juſtly hold the firſt place: fit for the

the tongue of men and angels. And it is obſervable, that the Church hath not added the Doxology, *Glory be to the Father*, &c. after this, as after all the other hymns, to cloſe and crown it with perfection. For what is the Te Deum but chiefly a paraphraſe upon the Doxology. The ſame hymn to the bleſſed TRINITY, only drawn in a larger form?"

Vide Biſſe *on the Beauty of Holineſs in the Common Prayer.*

THE

THE

TE DEUM.

The INVOCATION.

COME, holy SOURCE of heav'nly fire,
Invok'd by ſeers of old:
While rapt with thy ethereal rays,
They high events foretold.

Come and poſſeſs my yielding pow'rs;
And hither fix thy throne:
And let thy ſceptre mild, be ſway'd
Unrivall'd, and alone.

'Tis thine to raiſe my grov'ling thoughts,
To bright devotion's joys:
To teach my ſoul with wing ſublime,
To faſten on the ſkies.

And dove-like on my ſpirit move
With influence benign:
There ev'ry temper ſweetly plant,
That's grateful and divine.

Great SALEM boaſts thy hallow'd flame
Her ſoul, her day, her ſun:
And moral ſtars ſtruck up by thee
Auſpicious courſes run.

Come

Come holy SOURCE of heav'nly fire
Me feed with ſacred rays:
Then ſhall this kindled nature glow
With gratitude and praiſe.

ODE IV.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

O Thou, enthron'd above the ſky;
Thou great and good, thou juſt and high:
Supernal pow'rs before thee fall
As king, and ſov'reign LORD of all.

Heav'n's firſt-born glories drink the rays
Of thy auguſt, ſurrounding blaze:
Or plung'd in love's unbounded ſea,
They loſe themſelves in bliſs, and thee.

Immortal ſplendours, as they riſe,
And tow'r thoſe ever beauteous ſkies,
Thy peerleſs majeſty proclaim,
And pour their bleſſings on thy name.

Archangels ſwell the happy ſong,
As by the groves they walk along:
Celeſtial bow'rs, and verd'rous plains,
Witneſs their ſweet melodious ſtrains.

Cherub

Cherubs and ſeraphs, nobly laud,
Thee, as the great omnific GOD!
In burning rows, thoſe radiant choirs,
Strike off thy praiſe on ſilver lyres.

And mortals, though on earthly ground,
To whom Salvation's joys abound:
With ardors grateful and divine,
To praiſe thy name, O GOD, combine.

ODE II.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.

WITH flaming gratitude we own,
'Twas thy great pow'r, and thine alone,
That form'd this earth, theſe heav'ns, this ſky,
That bade theſe worlds around us fly.

Wrapt in thine own eſſential blaze:
Thy GODHEAD beam'd it's fulgent rays,
Ere chaos heard thy thund'ring voice,
Or ſmiling love made heav'n rejoice.

Yet, that unnumber'd worlds might ſhare,
Thy providence, and gen'rous care,
Thou gav'ſt the firſt ador'd command,
And blooming nature bleſt thy hand.

Angelic, human, all receive,
From thee their bliſs, in thee, they live:
Whether in lovely ether clad,
Or of terreſtrial matter made.

Whether with golden wing they ſoar,
And thrilling lays melodious pour:
Or ſport along the verdant lawns,
As on the hills fair morning dawns.

Hail nature's SIRE, of all, the Cauſe,
O mould our boſoms to thy laws:
To this drear clime, thy light afford,
Then ſhall we own thee ſov'reign LORD.

ODE III.

ALL THE EARTH DOTH WORSHIP THEE.

TO Thee, great GOD! alone to Thee,
As ſelf-exiſting DEITY,
This earth her grateful tribute pays,
Chear'd by the bleſſings of thy grace.

The feather'd millions tune their throats,
And praiſe thee with their artleſs notes:
Thy tender pity feeds their young,
And they give thee their ſweeteſt ſong.

While

While that which walks, or ſwiftly ſwims
With golden ſcales, or ſtately limbs,
In thy paternal cares rejoice,
And praiſe thee with a various voice.

But man, by bringing forth the din,
And noiſe of black diſcordant ſin,
Jars with the grand harmonious choir,
Of muſic made to nature's SIRE.

Yet, hath thy love rais'd up a ſeed,
Triumphant, glorious, bleſt indeed:
In ev'ry clime beneath the ſky,
Thy grace t' adore and magnify.

Theſe virtuous, peaceful ſons of earth,
Of mortal, and immortal birth;
With rev'rence worſhip and proclaim,
Th' unrivall'd honours of thy name.

ODE IV.

THE FATHER EVERLASTING.

ETERNAL SOURCE of light divine:
What pow'r can be compar'd with thine?
In vain our thoughts aſſay and ſwell,
To graſp th' INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

Archangels, prime of heav'n's ſons,
Seated ſublime on lofty thrones,
The depths of GODHEAD cannot ſee,
Nor can they meaſure days with thee.

Ere they were crown'd with roſy joys,
Or had a manſion in the ſkies,
Thine eſſence was th' unchanging ſame,
And great ETERNITY! thy name.

The longeſt period of their days,
Is as a point to boundleſs ſpace,
Compar'd with thine, the years they boaſt,
Are all immers'd in thought, and loſt.

That man's immortal, is the pride
Of partners with the CRUCIFY'D:
That they're immortal, greatly fires,
Yon radiant thrones, yon ſtarry choirs;

But oh! eternity's abyſs!
(Ye men and angels ponder this.)
To DEITY alone is known,
And everlaſting, is his own.

ODE V.

TO THEE ALL ANGELS CRY ALOUD, THE HEAVENS AND ALL THE POWERS THEREIN.

TO THEE CHERUBIN AND SERAPHIN CONTINUALLY DO CRY.

TO praiſe that name archangels know,
And known by grace on earth below,
The glorious ranks of bliſs combine,
With acclamations all divine.

The prime in glory, firſt in praiſe:
Seraphic pow'rs their voices raiſe,
Or nobly ſweep the dulcet ſtring,
To th' odes which countleſs numbers ſing.

In heav'n there ſtands a brilliant dome,
With golden muſic in her room,
Elately plac'd by ſinleſs hands,
Obſequious to divine commands.

The ſtrong nerv'd cherubs greatly ply,
And ſhake the vaſt cerulean ſky:
The ſounding metal loudly chimes,
And flings new pleaſure o'er the climes.

Or on a verd'rous, flow'ry hill,
Sublime o'er life's delicious rill,
They ſummon all the ſons of ſong,
Of charming lay, and various tongue.

By ſome high tuneful ſpirit led:
Perhaps a Gabr'el was the head,
Or he, of name to earth unknown,
Who firſt with hymns addreſs'd the throne.

Not voice alone, the organ clear:
And harp with fine majeſtic air:
The horn melodious, melting flute,
And angel-handlers of the lute.

At what time fair creation roſe,
With pearly di'dems on her brows,
When the pure gloſſy ether rang,
And all the ſtars together ſang.

From theſe, they make auſpicious choice,
Of thoſe high fam'd for parts, or voice;
Who beſt can ſtrike the founding key,
Or pour the full harmonious lay.

Theſe ample preparations bring,
Heav'n's ſmiling crowds on downy wing:
Whether with wonder new t' admire,
Or lend aſſiſtance to the choir.

And

And GOD HIMSELF, if I may dare,
To name that Being gods revere;
To all his creatures ever kind,
To hear their praiſes, is inclin'd.

Now all prepar'd, while od'rous gales
Waft incenſe from th' elyſian vales:
And tow'ring amaranthine bow'rs
Spread a profuſion of their flow'rs:

Off, the ethereal muſic flies:
Vocal, with inſtrumental vies:
To matchleſs ſtrains aſpires each tongue,
And this, the ſubject of their ſong.

ODE VI.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY: LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.
TO GOD THE FATHER.*

AUGUST thy name, JEHOVAH great!
What pow'r with thee can vie?
With light empyreal flames thy ſeat,
Thy footſtool, is the ſky.

**This and the twelve following Odes muſt be conſidered as being ſang by angels.*

Thy

Thy ſanctity's unſuff'ring ray;
Diſſolves theſe leſſer fires!
Before it ſhrinks created day,
And into ſhades retires.

And this the robe of peerleſs ſheen,
Thy glorious eſſence wears:
Dayleſs, heav'n's brighteſt orb is ſeen,
When he with it compares.

Yet, thy pure being fills all ſpace,
The heav'ns, the earth, the air!
And if we hell's dire region trace,
We alſo find thee there.

Thy wond'rous hand with matchleſs pow'r
Created all that is:
Thee LORD, our happy ſouls adore,
The donor of our bliſs.

Not only glory's azure heights
Proclaim th' omnific GOD;
But earth, and all thoſe ſtarry lights
Promulge thy pow'r abroad.

Nor can aught ever be conceal'd
From thine omniſcient Eyes:
Each dark deſign to thee's reveal'd,
And *Tophet*, naked lies.

But O! infinity tranſcends,
The higheſt ſounds we raiſe:
Immers'd in this, our concert ends
A debtor to thy praiſe.

ODE VII.

To God the Son.

O Thou of pure balſamic name,
Ev'n bliſs is dignify'd,
Enrich'd by thee, th' atoning Lamb,
For mortals crucify'd.

Though firm th' angelic orders prove,
Poſſeſs their ancient ſeat:
Yet, in a Jesu's dying love,
They nameleſs wonders meet.

How would a thouſand voices fail,
And harps neglected lie,
Did not redemption's wondrous tale
Tranſport a liſt'ning ſky!

Immortal plaudits on the Man,
Ye deities beſtow,
Who was on ſanguine *Calv'ry* ſlain,
And ſuffer'd death below.

Immortal

Immortal plaudits on the God.
That with triumphant flight,
Aſcended this empyrean road,
From deepeſt ſhades of night.

See! theſe ethereal regions riſe,
The count ineffable,
Of thoſe redeem'd t' ambroſial life,
From earth, diſeaſe, and hell.

Thrice hail, ye happy ſons of Grace
Bought by your Saviour's blood!
And by his ſpotleſs righteouſneſs,
Made kings and prieſts to God.

Renew your ardor all ye choirs,
Since Jesus is the ſong!
His love demands your nobleſt fires,
And moſt harmonious tongue.

ODE VIII.

To God the Holy Ghost.

ERE nature, lovely child, aroſe,
With all her ample ſpheres;
Thou didſt with Deity repoſe,
And know co-equal years.

Thine

Thine agency the GODHEAD ſought,
When Wiſdom form'd the plan,
To rear creation out of nought,
Or reſcue priſon'd man.

And from the everlaſting throne,
Thy dove-form'd radiance flew,
Making it's pow'r omnific known,
To all th' ethereal view.

Primeval horrors felt thy glade,
Enter their central gloom:
And downs, with all their charms array'd,
Immerg'd from th' hideous womb.

We celebrate thee LIGHT of LIGHT!
By whom the prophets told,
Of *Iſr'el's* freedom from the weight
Of *Babel's* yoke of old.

Both Jew and Gentile, ſeer and ſage,
Drank in their moral day:
Of ev'ry clime, and ev'ry age,
From thy inſpiring ray.

But O! th' effulgence *Zion* boaſts,
With matchleſs glow ſhe flames!
Brighten'd with glory are her coaſts!
Of rich immortal beams.

While

While ev'ry member honour'd is
With thy renewing pow'r:
And thee their pledge of deathleſs bliſs
Their grateful ſouls adore.

Hail, thou irradiating FIRE!
From the eternal SUN,
Through ev'ry hoſt and heav'nly choir
Thy boundleſs praiſes run.

ODE IX.

TO THE BLESSED AND GLORIOUS THREE; FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

HOLY, holy, holy, LORD!
By angelic thrones ador'd:
Thee we laud with joyous tongues,
Raptur'd hearts, and humble ſongs.

Deep thine eſſence and unknown:
Secret, th' order of thy throne:
Angels of ſublimeſt wing,
Highly wonder while they ſing.

Man, thou animated clod,
Half a fool, would'ſt be a god?
GODHEAD mocks thy daring flight,
In th' immenſity of light.

He to thee, the truth reveals,
Yet, the myſtery conceals:
Own thy wiſdom's ſhallow ſenſe,
God to ken, a poor pretence.

In the Trinity rejoice!
Lift your hearts, and raiſe your voice;
Shout ſalvation's ev'ry ſon,
Th' One in Three, and Three in One!

Grateful as refreſhing gales,
From thoſe ſpicy od'rous vales;
As the breath of roſeat bow'rs,
Riſe, this ardent praiſe of ours.

Conſtant as that tuneful rill,
Warbles to the diſtant hill:
May our ceaſeleſs ſongs ariſe,
Swell the chorus of the ſkies.

Ye ſmiling heav'ns, nobly raiſe,
Tow'ring altars to his praiſe:
Bid 'em reach his lofty throne,
Sov'reign Mercy to make known.

Hear, ye worlds remote and near,
On theſe hallow'd piles we'll rear,
Deathleſs honours to his name,
Glory brighten with the ſame.

Why thou foe to GOD and men,
Dar'ſt OMNIPOTENCE contemn?
He ſhall ſurely break thy head,
Strike the guilty rebel dead.

GOD of armies! thee we bleſs:
Who can matchleſs pow'r expreſs?
Pow'r, which reigns without control,
Long as endleſs ages roll.

Forth thou led'ſt the angel throng:
Swift thy ſquadrons flew along:
Vanquiſh'd the ſatanic crew,
Darkeſt deeps their downfall knew.

Th' ARM of GOODNESS, us upheld,
When bright hierarchies rebell'd:
Sav'd us from a lapſe ſo dire,
Stubborn guilt and quenchleſs fire.

Yet from ſtain thine eſſence free
Holy GOD! no ſpot on thee:
No baſe working of thy pow'r,
Caus'd the ſad diſaſtrous hour.

Endleſs pleaſures we partake:
They, the plagues of yonder lake:
On ſeraphic ſounds we dwell,
They inhale the breath of hell.

Prime of ſong's moſt precious themes,
LOVE, humanity redeems!
Lifts his own immortal heirs,
To manſions high'r than the ſtars.

Hail! Salvation, MERCY's child:
Lovely, ethereal and mild:
With ambroſia-laden wings,
Liberty thy preſence brings.

Freedom from a fi'ry chain:
Liberty to priſon'd man:
T' enter yon immortal fields,
And taſte the pleaſure heav'n yields.

Riſe! thou univerſe, ariſe!
Bring thine ample ſacrifice:
Crown with everlaſting meeds,
Thy SIRE's fair magnific deeds.

Bid thy num'rous ſuns unite,
With thy worlds opaque and bright,
In pouring th' auguſt acclaim,
Of high plaudits to his name.

Gently drop balſamic dews,
Lively odours round diffuſe:
Nature, all thy ſweets diſcloſe,
Breathe thy fragrance, bluſhing roſe!

Chief, O ye cherubic hymns,
Celebrate theſe mighty themes:
Let the ſainted poet's verſe,
Th' all-engaging ſtrain rehearſe.

Flow, celeſtial meaſures flow:
Solemn organs clearly blow,
Tuneful violins aſſay,
T' aid the ſinger's fineſt lay.

Golden trumpets, be not mute,
Lure the ſtars, thou melting flute,
Ariel choriſters combine:
Make the melody divine.

Fair ethereal ſpirits ſing:
Happieſt voice, and ſweeteſt ſtring,
In majeſtic concert move,
Worthy of almighty LOVE.

ODE X.

HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THE MAJESTY OF THY GLORY.

THESE glorious regions ſpeaks thy praiſe:
Where GODHEAD beams ſuperior rays

Of animating bliſs:
Or they, with ſacred awe the pow'r,
Of vaſt infinity adore,
And DEITY confeſs.

The beauty of theſe worlds divine,
Their matchleſs beauty proves them thine,
The product of thy ſkill:
Whilſt views of theſe ethereal bow'rs,
And thoſe empyrean lofty tow'rs,
Our ſouls with pleaſure fill.

Nor to theſe heav'ns alone confin'd,
Are our ideas, mighty MIND!
But range an ample round.
Thy goodneſs ſhines on all beneath,
And viſits ſons of mortal breath,
And ſin-polluted ground.

Ten thouſand worlds and ſtars proclaim
The thunder of thy dreadful name,
To inauſpicious man:
While heav'nly love o'er all preſides,
Whom truth directs, whom meekneſs guides,
And they with thee ſhall reign.

ODE XI.

THE GLORIOUS COMPANY OF THE APOSTLES: PRAISE THEE.

PART I.

YE bright apoſtles of the LAMB,
That burn with ardor to his name:
Ye were his witneſſes below,
Did GOD Incarnate ſee and know.
Obey'd him as your ſov'reign LORD,
Sat at his feet, and heard his word,
Your happy ſouls now glorify,
This JESUS in the DEITY.

Ye ſaw the wonders of his hand,
Fill with amazement *Judah's* land:
He, the ethereal curtain drew,
And open'd glory to your view:
And thoſe ſweet lips their ſilence broke,
In diction, mortal never ſpoke:
While that grave port, and awful mien,
Shew'd GOD a reſident with men.

Ye ſaw the Man of grief and pain:
You ſaw the LAMB on *Calv'ry* ſlain!
You heard his bitter groans and cries;
You ſaw him bleed and cloſe his eyes:

Look

Look there! is that the dying God,
You once ſaw bath'd in tears and blood?
Your ranſom'd ſpirits anſwer, "yes,"
And boaſt in him ſuperior bliſs.

PART II.

THE van of all the ranſom'd train,
The great apoſtles ſtand:
And pour their moſt melodious ſtrain
O'er all the happy land.

They gladly follow'd JESUS where
Their direful foe prevail'd:
Where death, and ev'ry baneful ſnare,
Their active feet aſſail'd.

The peerleſs wonders of the croſs,
They made their darling theme:
Accounting golden di'dems droſs
To JESU's ſaving name.

Salvation through their Maſter's blood,
The ſubject of their cries:
Sinner, "Behold the LAMB of GOD!
Thy ſoul without him, dies."

The Goſpel net they largely ſpread
On nature's moral ſea:
The Gentile ſhoals divinely led,
Became their eaſy prey.

Myriads were ſweetly gather'd in,
Miraculous the grace:
Gather'd amidſt the wiles of ſin
To *Salem's* reſting place.

But envious hell with lurid frown,
Her angry tempeſts hurl'd,
The apoſtolic bark to drown,
And ſink the chriſtian world.

The axe, the rack, or ſword, or fire,
Diſpatch'd them all to heav'n:
There ſeated with the radiant choir,
They've crowns of glory giv'n.

Therefore the LORD of earth and ſky,
They gratefully adore:
And with immortal armies vie
In plaudits of his pow'r.

To JESUS, whom on earth they lov'd
Whoſe ſplendor now they ſee:
Who hath their rock and refuge prov'd,
Eternal glory be.

ODE XII.

THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP OF THE PROPHETS: PRAISE THEE.

PART I.

THE glitt'ring file of ancient ſeers,
Before JEHOVAH bows!
Grac'd with the palms great vict'ry wears,
And ſtarry wreathed brows.

Whether with numbers grand and free,
They fed th' harmonious lyre:
Or a deſcending Deity,
Did ſong ſublime inſpire.

Or over deſtin'd *Judah* pour'd
The ocean of their eyes:
T' avert the awful ruſhing ſword
Of the avenging ſkies.

Perhaps, by fi'ry whirlwinds rapt,
They ſcal'd th' ethereal blue:
Or by the ſword of time bereft,
To heav'n the ſpirit flew.

Regardleſ

Regardleſs of theſe moral ſuns,
Sad *Iſr'el* quench'd their light:
While darkneſs o'er the region runs
And ſpreads *Ægyptian* night.

While mimic deities provoke
Theſe champions of their GOD:
Their ſacred bodies feel the ſtroke,
Of perſecution's rod.

PART II.

BUT now a cloſe, a joyful cloſe,
To all their griefs they ſee:
A glory which no period knows,
A bleſt eternity.

Dear weeping bards, no mournful lay,
Your pungent ſorrows paint:
Nor execrated now the day
When HEAV'N you being lent.

How are the tragic meaſures chang'd
To odes of happy ſong?
As by the founts of bliſs you're rang'd,
Or walk the groves along.

Thou

Thou tongue of pure ſeraphic tip,
And fraught with holy fire:
Flinging from thy prophetic lip
The diction we admire;

Oft hath our muſic made a pauſe;
And we have liſt'ning ſtood:
To hear thee ſing a future croſs
Suſtain a dying GOD.

O BEING vaſt! O POW'R benign!
How glorious are thy ways?
The goodly fellowſhip combine
Of prophets, in thy praiſe.

ODE XIII.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS: PRAISE THEE.

PART I.

THRICE hail! ye conqu'ring ſons of grace,
Heroic heirs of righteouſneſs:
Safe brought through priſon, fire and ſword,
To reign triumphant with your LORD.

Make

Make grand aſſay ye hymning choirs,
And ſtrike more loud your tuneful lyres,
Let more melodious ſtrains ariſe,
To greet their landing on the ſkies.

Aſcended ſafe from ſeas of blood!
And wreath'd as victors by your GOD:
Welcome, ye noble race to heav'n!
The reſt t' enjoy, by JESUS giv'n.

Here ſit on everlaſting thrones:
And wear your pearly deathleſs crowns,
Or pour the muſic of your tongues,
And glad ſalvation with your ſongs.

Or if you chuſe yon gloſſy mount,
Contiguous to th' immortal fount:
Ye may have freedom thither too,
Heav'n no denial knows to you.

Loud hallelujahs to the NAME,
By whom you ſin and death o'ercame,
And bravely burſt the azure way,
To portals of eternal day.

PART II.

YE glorious champions of the ſkies!
To love, a noble ſacrifice:
We ſaw the hoſts of hell combine,
And fallen pow'rs againſt you join.

We ſaw you burn for JESU's name,
And clap your hands amidſt the flame!
With hov'ring wing we o'er you hung,
And vict'ry to the SAVIOUR ſung.

While ſeraphs ſhew'd their love ſincere,
And angels wept the balmy tear—
Touch'd with the agonizing pain,
Your ſacred bodies muſt ſuſtain.

Ere the malignant ſmart was o'er,
Or ceas'd the burning to devour,
We all were ready to convoy,
Your ranſom'd ſpirits to the ſky.

That you are ſweetly lodg'd above,
Secur'd by everlaſting love,
We joyous praiſe, adore, and laud,
The ſov'reign goodneſs of our GOD.

Theſe happy climes no Alvas bear:
Nor are there ſanguine Bonners here:
That hand, which impious *Rome* ſubdues,
With ruby's wreaths adorn your brows.

O GOODNESS vaſt! O ſov'reign POW'R!
Whom heav'n's cherubic throngs adore:
To thee the martyrs worſhip pay,
Throughout an everlaſting day.

ODE XIV.

THE HOLY CHURCH THROUGHOUT ALL THE WORLD: DOTH ACKNOWLEDGE THEE.

THE happy ranſom'd ſouls below,
That JESUS love, that JESUS know,
Of ev'ry clime, and ev'ry name,
Make thee O GOD! their glorious theme.

They ſing thy all-creating pow'r,
And as their MAKER, thee adore:
That ſov'reign goodneſs make their truſt,
Which form'd their armies from the duſt.

Nor leſs thy providential grace,
Demands their ſweet returns of praiſe:
Each hour, ſucceſſive mercies ſpring,
Each hour, preſerving might they ſing.

While

While motives ſtill ſuperior claim,
The fervor of the noble flame:
Redemption heightens the detail
Of gifts, in love's unceaſing tale.

This kindles the immortal fire;
And winds the ardors high'r and high'r,
Pours on the ſoul th' enliv'ning ray,
And chears it with a moral day,

'Tis goodneſs vaſt and infinite,
To brighten worlds with ſpheres of light:
But only grace compos'd the plan.
T' emancipate poor priſon'd man.

ODE XV.

THE FATHER: OF AN INFINITE MAJESTY.

THE men renew'd by heav'nly love,
With fervency aſpire,
To join th' extatic hoſts above
In th' adoring heav'n's SIRE.

They praiſe him as th' omnific LORD,
Of ev'ry world on high:
Bow to the honours of his word,
And bleſs his majeſty.

His glories infinite, they ſing,
The might of his command,
Did order from confuſion bring
To own his forming hand:

His fiat caus'd th' obſequious light,
And beauteous ſtars t' appear:
To glad the gay horizon bright
Or crown the circling year.

They wiſdom infinite explore,
And own it's great deſigns,
In ſaving mortals from the pow'r
Of Satan, and their ſins:

But LOVE, no nobler ſtep could take:
(Its utmoſt bounds are here;)
Than ſinners pardon for the ſake
Of their REDEEMER dear.

ODE XVI.

THINE HONOURABLE, TRUE: AND ONLY SON.

THE heav'nly expiating LAMB,
Of richeſt worth, and nobleſt name,
Deſerves the moſt exalted praiſe,
That ranſom'd ſouls can ever raiſe.

Great

Great Equal to th' eternal ONE,*
That fills the high imperial throne:
He left th' immortal domes of bliſs,
And ſtoop'd this abject earth to kiſs.

Eclips'd his godlike glory lay,
In that dear form of human clay:
Beneath the ſhades weak nature drew,
Th' Incarnate SON, we only knew.

Yet all th' eternal ESSENCE bears,
Yea, ev'ry lineament it wears,
In ſacred, or in moral line,
Our JESUS touch'd with hand divine.

Thou waſp of hell, by HEAV'N accurſt,
Diſcharge thy ſpleen, and do thy worſt:
Humanity her SAVIOUR ſings,
As ſtrong to clip thy fi'ry wings.

He did a bright example draw,
And honour'd all the righteous law:
Perfection crown'd his golden reign,
And envious hell oppos'd in vain.

* *Phil.* ii. 6.

ODE XVII.

ALSO THE HOLY GHOST: THE COMFORTER.

HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,
Thee, the ſons of light revere:
Own the paraclete alone,
Hail thee welcome to thy throne.

Ev'ry humble patient breaſt,
Of ſweet charity poſſeſt;
Is the throne of DEITY,
Is a temple, LORD, for thee.

Poor your ſtate, ye ſplendid domes,
If in you he never homes:
Solemn piles are rear'd in vain,
If his grace no glories gain.

Softning as *Spring's* genial ſhow'rs,
Are the dews he ſweetly pours;
Grateful for the drops benign,
Meek'ned ſpirits drink them in.

Culture ſacred they receive,
By his emanations live:
Down in holy tempers ſhoot,
Upwards bear celeſtial fruit.

While

While his fragrant breezes blow,
Fan the cedars as they grow,
'Till they gain their perfect riſe,
Gladſome both to earth and ſkies.

HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,
Thee, the ſons of heav'n revere:
As ONE of th' eternal THREE,
Praiſe, adore, and worſhip Thee.

ODE XVIII.

THOU ART THE KING OF GLORY: O CHRIST.

THOU, O CHRIST! art King of Glory!
GOD's Incarnate SON thou art:
All our proſtrate ſouls adore thee,
Thou haſt ev'ry faithful heart:
Thee, we render thanks and bleſſing,
For the mercies we receive,
Praiſes ardent, never ceaſing,
To thee, JESUS, humbly give.

Glorious in thy holy nature,
Ere fair ſeraph bow'd the knee:
Seated high above the creature,
In thine own eternity:

Glorious

Glorious in humiliation,
When thou didſt aſſume the man:
And for *Iſr'el's* great ſalvation,
Waſt on bloody *Calv'ry* ſlain.

Glorious in thy grand aſcenſion
From the iron jaws of death;
Choral angels pay attention,
Sing his pow'r with ſtronger breath:
Louder, nobler, clearer, ſweeter,
Let his matchleſs praiſes ſwell:
Whoſe amazing might was greater,
Than the force of death and hell.

ODE XIX.

THOU ART THE EVERLASTING SON: OF THE FATHER.

IMMORTAL, as thy deathleſs name,
My GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my theme:
My ſongs triumphant ſhall ariſe,
And rear thine honours in the ſkies.

The liſping infant ſhall rehearſe,
Thy glories in my humble verſe:
And ſmiling youth of ev'ry age,
Shall bleſs thee in my hallow'd page.

Both

Both young and old ſhall make my ſong,
The happy labour of their tongue:
And diſtant climes, rejoice to ſee,
My muſe inſpir'd, O LORD, by thee.

While ſinners cloath'd with wrath and ſhame,
Shall rue their hatred of thy name:
My breath ſhall hallelujahs pour,
Join heav'nly triumphs evermore.

Thou JESUS, ere theſe ſuns were made,
Or earth had her foundations laid,
Didſt reign thy FATHER's darling heir,
His uncreated glories ſhare:

Thee, Mich'el, the archangel ſung,
With nobleſt melody of tongue;
Ere forth he led heav'n's martial train,
Along the roads of her champaign.

Ere bliſs caſt out th' abandon'd crew,
And wrath aſſign'd to be their due;
Thy praiſe attun'd the ſeraph's lyre,
Sat high amidſt the flaming choir.

ODE XX.

WHEN THOU TOOKEST UPON THEE TO DELIVER MAN, THOU DIDST NOT ABHOR THE VIRGIN'S WOMB.

INHERITER of ancient thrones:
To where no wing aſpires.
Thy ſtate no derivation owns,
Co-eval with thy SIRE's.

Th' ethereal armies bow the knee,
Proclaim thee, Salem's KING:
Before th' Incarnate DEITY,
Their pearly di'dems fling.

But O! thine unexampled love
To Adam's guilty race!
My thoughts take rapture while they rove
O'er the ſtupendous grace.

Stand in aſtoniſhment, ye ſkies!
Your realms, let wonder fill:
See where! propitious GODHEAD flies
To execute his will.

A ſpotleſs virgin's womb contains
The bleſt OMNIPOTENT!
Nor there, the PRINCE of peace diſdains
To be a reſident.

O myſtery

O myſtery of matchleſs pow'r,
With wond'rous mercy join'd:
That GOD, th' effulgent worlds adore
The brother of mankind.

Socinus, ſhudder o'er thy ſcheme;
And now retract thy creed:
Thy ravings all a waking dream,
Or ſink him low indeed!

ODE XXI.

WHEN THOU HADST OVERCOME THE SHARPNESS OF DEATH: THOU DIDST OPEN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN TO ALL BELIEVERS.

YE ſparks of pure ethereal glow;
Whether you ſhine in circling row,
Or are, as beatific ſtars,
T' emboſs the heav'nly argent ſpheres.

That Pow'r which kindled all your rays,
And yet maintains th' illuſtrious blaze,
Hath bid you intellect receive,
And as ſelf-conſcious agents, live.

As vital eſſences, you flame:
Your origin and ſource, the ſame,

As

As he, that chear'd the bed of night,
With orient and ſurrounding light.

Whether in beauteous local globe,
You caſt around the ſilver robe:
Or be on embaſſies employ'd,
Throughout your lucid regions wide.

Perhaps on kindly meſſage ſent,
You're now on holy buſineſs bent,
To raiſe ſome empire's ſinking throne,
Or ſoothe ſome ſaint's departing groan.

Howe'er, we mortals gather this,
That charity's your higheſt bliſs;
That love, the angel free inſpires,
Congenial with his native fires.

Bleſt evidence, th' enraptur'd ſtrain,*
You once ſang over favour'd man:
With all thoſe charming notes † you ſwell,
O'er ſinners daily ſav'd from hell.

But ſhould you ſtill th' occaſion ſeek,
Of Grace, with pleaſures new to ſpeak,
A ſplendid prodigy behold!
Which recent wonders will unfold.

* *Luke* ii. 15. † *Ch.* xv. 10.

As

High Glory's adamantine door,
Refus'd t' admit the ſinner poor:
The juſt alone, might enter in,
With natures undefil'd, by ſin:

While hapleſs Adam's guilty ſons,
Were doom'd to breathe perpetual groans;
Were left as dogs without the gate,
A ſure, deſtructive curſe to wait.

But JESUS! (O thou ſpotleſs LAMB!
My ardors kindle at thy name:
In anſwer to ſuch love divine,
O may this heart be wholly thine.

Now ſeize my ſoul, with all her pow'rs
Be thine my days and active hours:
And bid my mind thine impreſs wear,
Thy lovely, noble, image bear.)

He! wreath'd with an imperial wreath,
And having vanquiſh'd hell and death:
With pow'r unſhot the cryſtal bars,
Sublime where bliſs her portal rears:

And did the glitt'ring gates unfold:
Throw ope the doors of burniſh'd gold,
His train conducting on their march,
Beneath the ſapphire-ſtudded arch.

His train, late ſuff'ring men below,
Late heirs to complicated woe:
And number'd with th' unhappy all,
That bore the bruiſe of Adam's fall.

But having heard th' inviting lays
The Goſpel's ſilver trumpets raiſe,
And caught the glad interior ray,
Of *Salem's* liberating day:

While emanation, they receive,
And on the LAMB of GOD believe:
They are through blood divine forgiv'n,
And own'd, as denizons of heav'n.

So now, the poor admiſſion find,
Of ev'ry name, among mankind:
By JESUS led to th' argent domes,
Fair ſpirits' bright celeſtial homes.

Then lend your aid, ye flaming choir;
Your band, and your melodious lyre:
Sweetly attempt to ſing his praiſe,
Who is ſo laviſh of his grace.

Worthy the LAMB! that once was ſlain,
To him are glories due:
Ye ſaints, which form his happy train,
Announce him, "good and true."

Let

Let all the white-rob'd armies ſing,
His mercy and his pow'r:
Compoſe a di'dem for their KING,
Of gems unknown before.

May all the creatures that have breath,
Their praiſes render here:
Whilſt, as his own high purchas'd wreath,
He doth thoſe plaudits wear.

Fall down, ye angel-thrones, before
His everlaſting ſeat:
And all your hallelujahs pour,
In worſhip at his feet.

ODE XXII.

THOU SITTEST AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD: IN THE GLORY OF THE FATHER.

TO the right hand of Pow'R ſupreme,
Is rais'd the ſin-atoning LAMB!
With bright humanity array'd,
And glory round his brows diſplay'd.

Angels, admire the lovely gueſt,
And on his matchleſs beauties feaſt;
With ſilent awe, obſerve his ſide,
Then ſhout, "the SAVIOUR crucify'd."

He deigns with heav'nly ſpeech to tell,
Of his dread war with earth and hell:
What pains he felt, what ſmart he bore,
How furies' fangs his body tore.

How nature trembled when he bow'd,
And horror ſpread her thickeſt cloud;
How *Tophet* belch'd his oceans foul,
To overwhelm the SAVIOUR's ſoul.

How all—when lo! they melt in tears,
Too ſad the theme for angel ears:
Of tears, they pour a copious flood,
Urg'd by ſuch agonies and blood!

Nor could the narrative be clos'd,
Of JESUS on the croſs expos'd:
Leſt it ſhould open grief's abyſs,
And plunge in ſorrow, ſons of bliſs.

ODE XXIII.

WE BELIEVE THAT THOU SHALT COME: TO BE OUR JUDGE.

PART I.

O Thou, ador'd by heav'nly thrones,
And worſhip'd here below!
In countleſs rills to Adam's ſons,
Thy ſtreams of mercy flow.

We

We credit thine unerring word,
And wait the joyous day;
When thee, as ſov'reign JUDGE and LORD,
Thy glories will diſplay.

But e'er the moment dread, appears,
Bid all the human race,
T' incline their hearts, and lend their ears
To thy inviting grace.

From favour'd *Britain* to *Japan*,
Dear SAVIOUR, urge thy flight:
And let no clime that's known by man
Be void of Goſpel-light.

Regard thine ancient promiſes,
And kindly teach the Jews,
T' embrace the ſacred myſteries,
Of evangelic truths.

To rear a church in ev'ry clime,
Exert thy ſov'reign pow'r:
And may each child of mortal time,
Improve his Goſpel hour.

Then let the trump the heav'ns ſhake
With its majeſtic ſound:
The living change—the dead awake!
And ſtubborn hell confound.

All nature in amazement throw,
And quench her glowing fires!
And empires rais'd by gods below,
Know ruin with their fires.

PART II.

WHAT, though thy breath blow out the ſun,
Or ſet the earth in flames;
Or wrap in ſackcloth yonder moon,
With her ſerener beams.

And all the heav'nly bodies ſhroud,
Their ſplendors in amaze,
Behind the dark terrific cloud
Of thine affronted grace:

While wiſheth hell her dungeon barr'd,
By fix'd eternal fate;
So that no pow'r might move the ward
Of the infernal gate:

Rather than meet thee in thine ire,
The incens'd angry LAMB!
The JUDGE, a dread conſuming fire,
To all, who hate thy name;

Thy

Thy ſaints ſhall triumph in thy pow'r,
Blood-waſh'd, and ſin-forgiv'n:
Serenely view the flames devour,
Then enter into heav'n.

Amidſt the univerſal noiſe,
Of ſadly craſhing ſpheres;
Riſe, to partake ſeraphic joys,
Throughout eternal years.

ODE XXIV.

WE THEREFORE PRAY THEE, HELP THY SERVANTS: WHOM THOU HAST REDEEMED WITH THY PRECIOUS BLOOD.

O Thou, on whom all help is laid:
The ſinner's hope, and only aid,
Aſſiſt the ranſom'd by thy blood,
To dedicate themſelves to GOD.

Thine, LORD, we are, entirely thine:
Redeem'd by merit, all-divine:
No earthly riches, bought our peace,
But thine unſpotted righteouſneſs.

May grace for ever root out ſin,
And form us holy pure and clean;

From

From baneful tempers ſet us free,
And make our ſpirits, worthy thee.

All unbelief and pride expel,
Which urgeth paſſion to rebel;
At theſe, thy ſoul, can ne'er connive,
Forbid them in our hearts to live.

Curs'd pride, which prompts to vain deſires,
And daily feeds unhallow'd fires;
Dire unbelief, which ever ſhrouds,
Thy glory with her helliſh clouds.

Not only peace, but grace, beſtow;
And ſanctify us while below:
This is our joy, our pleaſure this,
Thy moral image to poſſeſs.

ODE XXV.

MAKE THEM TO BE NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS: IN GLORY EVERLASTING.

TO thee, O LORD, with weeping eyes,
We lift our hearts, and raiſe our cries:
Ne'er let our ſpirits gather'd be,
With thoſe, who hate, and blaſpheme thee.

No

No native rectitude, we boaſt;
Are ſelf-deceiv'd, deprav'd and loſt;
And but for JESUS, we had felt,
A mis'ry equal to our guilt.

Almighty JESUS, call'd our ſouls,
From paths, where pois'nous evil rolls;
Almighty JESUS, heal'd our ſin,
Bid us believe, and then be clean.

Thus having now a glorious place,
Among the people of thy grace:
We grateful hallelujahs join,
And count the fellowſhip divine.

Our language, and our minds are one,
A remnant to the world unknown:
Preſerv'd by thee, from day to day,
And our delight, to praiſe and pray.

Whilſt our ſouls ſhun th' ungodly throng,
The lecher's theme, the drunkard's ſong:
With all the ſinners with them join'd,
As hateful to thy holy mind.

Forbid it then, that we ſhould ſpend,
A dreadful ſeaſon, without end,
With men of ſuch an impious caſt,
Who never muſt ſalvation taſte.

Rather,

Rather, in heav'n's ethereal plains,
Where GOD his bliſsful ſeat maintains,
And crowns are laid at JESU's feet,
May we, the holy armies meet.

ODE XXVI.

O LORD, SAVE THY PEOPLE: AND BLESS THY HERITAGE.

IN all their troubles, LORD,
Thy humble foll'wers ſave:
From judgment's naked angry ſword,
And grief's o'erflowing wave.
The pow'r is only thine,
To raiſe their drooping head;
And bid them all, through grace divine,
On their opponents tread.

However great the ſtrength,
Of their malignant foe:
The ſaints ſhall conqu'rors prove at length,
And ſtill to conquer go.
Almighty LOVE! their truſt;
Their faith's unſhaken rock;
The thunders, that ſtrike worlds to duſt
Shall ne'er their ſpirits ſhock,

Save

Save from beſetting ſins,
That aim deſtruction great;
And Satan's dire accurſt deſigns,
Effectually defeat.
Nor let the artful world,
Have once a pow'r to ſay,
"That through her wiles, one ſaint was hurl'd
"To hell and fiends, a prey."

ODE XXVII.

GOVERN THEM: AND LIFT THEM UP FOR EVER.

MAY heav'nly pow'r, O CHRIST, we pray,
Thy people guide from day to day,
In all the pleaſant paths of peace,
'Till ripe their ſouls for thine embrace.

Thy will, their fair perfection, is:
Their growth in inward holineſs;
Their vict'ry o'er the world malign,
Their renovation, all divine.

Not only rays of pard'ning love,
Are fetch'd by faith, from thee above!
But all the SPIRIT's glorious aid,
To have the mind for heav'n array'd.

To

To form us holy, clean, and pure;
Thou didſt the pangs of death endure:
Didſt *Calv'ry* ſtain with hallow'd blood,
To ſanctify our ſouls to GOD.

May we, till ſweetly carried hence,
Be govern'd by thy Providence;
To anſwer nobleſt motives, led,
In all the ſteps of JESUS tread.

Rais'd far in mind above this cell,
This dreary cave, where ſinners dwell,
To drink the pleaſures of the ſoul,
Where they in rills divinely roll:

ODE XXVIII.

DAY BY DAY: WE MAGNIFY THEE:

THOU heav'nly, meek, unſpotted LAMB!
We daily celebrate thy name;
Declare to earth's ungodly throng,
Thou art our joy, our boaſt, our ſong.

We're not aſham'd to ſing thy grace,
Thy perſon, and thy righteouſneſs;
We're not aſham'd to ſing aloud,
Of thee, before a ſinning crowd.

O PRINCE

O PRINCE of Peace! O LORD of hoſts!
Thy praiſes run through all our coaſts:
This exerciſe of love, abounds;
Our *Salem*, with thy praiſe reſounds.

Thy matchleſs pity ſaw us lay,
To hell and death, an eaſy prey,
And bade thee leave the fields of bliſs,
To ſnatch us from hell's dire abyſs.

See, the OMNIPOTENT, a man!
An heir to woe, inur'd to pain!
See, on black *Calv'ry's* fatal tree,
All nature's GOD! the DEITY!

Ah! why this ſuff'ring dying GOD?
Why this profuſion of thy blood?
Hath ſome fair ſeraph injur'd HEAV'N?
And this requir'd, e'er he's forgiv'n?

O no! for wretched ſons of earth;
For men of mortal, ſinful birth,
Th' immortal SUFF'RER liv'd and dy'd,
Nature's great CAUSE was crucify'd.

He hath his righteouſneſs reveal'd;
Our pardon graciouſly hath ſeal'd;
Goodneſs diſplay'd, before unknown,
Made rebels partners of his throne.

Should we, our SAVIOUR's praiſe ſuppreſs
Stones would upbraid our thankleſſneſs:
Burſt in hoſannas to his name,
Or riſe our ſilence to condemn.

ODE XXIX.

AND WE WORSHIP THY NAME: EVER WORLD WITHOUT END.

WITH proſtrate ſouls, and bended knee,
We pay our worſhip LORD, to thee:
Th' eternal, undivided ONE,
The FATHER, SPIRIT, and the SON.

Hail! FATHER of our ſaving LORD,
With whom he reign'd th' eſſential WORD,
Ere varying time began to be,
From unconceiv'd eternity.

For ever pleas'd with him, thou art;
Vain rivalſhip, has here no part;
Nor damn'd for vile idolatry,
The man, that honours him, as thee.

Thou haſt our hearts, O gracious SIRE,
Our vig'rous ſouls to thee aſpire;
Thine eſſence, with a thouſand charms,
Each noble paſſion, nobly warms.

But

But O! too ſtrong for human ſight,
That robe of uncreated light,
Which wraps thee with unſuff'ring rays,
And forms th' auguſt ſupernal blaze.

While JESUS is th' auſpicious mean,
Through which O FATHER, thou art ſeen;
The ſilver cloud, which helps t' abſorb,
Th' o'erpow'rful ſplendors of thine orb.

Humanity exerts her wings;
To pierce thy radiance as ſhe ſings;
But when fatigu'd her pinions be,
Lights on th' Incarnate DEITY!

And ſweetly finds th' almighty SON,
Rob'd with a cloathing of her own!
While ſhe attempts with heav'n to join,
To give him homage, all divine.

Her elder brother, JESUS is;
The great procurer of her bliſs!
Since ſhe O FATHER, from thee fell,
When happy Adam, did rebel.

Not as a rival in thy praiſe,
She bids her ſongs, his honours raiſe,
But in obedience to thy will,
Doth all the heav'nly taſk fulfil.

With charming, exquiſite delight,
His praiſe, with thine, ſhe doth unite;
Yea, worſhip'd are, th' illuſtrious THREE,
By all heav'n's dazzling family.

ODE XXX.

VOUCHSAFE, O LORD, TO KEEP US THIS DAY WITHOUT SIN.

O FATHER, of eternal love
Whoſe bowels o'er thy children move,
Thy ſaving, glorious pow'r diſplay,
To keep our ſouls from day to day.

May nothing LORD, our minds ſurprize
Or draw our hearts, or draw our eyes,
To wander the forbidden maze,
Or tread the ſinner's crooked ways.

O may auguſt OMNISCIENCE, note,
That VIRTUE on our minds, is wrote;
And that our various ſteps combine,
To ſhew the characters divine.

As JESUS, walk, as JESUS, live;
Nor ſuffer ſin our ſouls deceive;
But while we pray to be forgiv'n,
Approve ourſelves, as ſons of HEAV'N.

ODE

ODE XXXI.

O LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US, HAVE MERCY UPON US.

O GOD of mercy bow thine ear,
And hearken to thy people's pray'r;
Though they can boaſt no greater name,
Than that of mortal, cloath'd with ſhame.

We fell in our federal head;
A prey to guilt, by Satan led:
And though aſſum'd the chriſtian cauſe,
We've ſtain'd the honour of its laws.

A thouſand hells of grief and pain:
Plagues unconceiv'd we ought ſuſtain;
Yea, fires as deathleſs as our ſouls,
Whilſt a long, leaden ever rolls.

But mercy! mercy! O our GOD!
Nor exerciſe thy ſcourging rod:
We ſink to hell, and drop to woe,
Unleſs thy gracious mercy flow,

ODE XXXII.

O LORD, LET THY MERCY LIGHTEN UPON US; AS OUR TRUST IS IN THEE.

WE humbly now renew our pray'r,
And beg thy MAJESTY to ſpare,
The ſouls created by thy pow'r,
And kept by thee, each day and hour.

O view thy JESUS on the tree!
Thy HOLY CHILD on CALVARY!
Mark well, his bitter groans and cries,
His pangs, and piercing agonies!

This, this, the death! and this, the blood!
We recommend to thee, O GOD!
Our ruin cannot profit thee,
Only increaſe our miſery.

We reſt our ſouls, our lives, our peace,
On JESU's blood and righteouſneſs!
As men condemn'd, the grace receive,
In his atoning worth, believe.

ODE XXXIII.

O LORD, IN THEE HAVE I TRUSTED: LET ME NEVER BE CONFOUNDED.

AS hold our ſouls no other plea,
But thy oblation on the tree:
O SAVIOUR, ſpeak our ſins forgiv'n,
And make us rebels, heirs of HEAV'N.

We lay our ſinful armour down;
Obnoxious to thy FATHER's frown;
The ſword we us'd in hell's dire cauſe,
We yield, ſubmiſſive to thy laws.

Now baffle hell, and all her hoſt;
Nor let a praying few be loſt:
Thine ARM OMNIPOTENT! O ſtretch,
And ſmoking brands from burning fetch.

Confus'd by Satan, and his pow'r;
But let thine *Iſr'el* thee adore,
For grace, in pure melodious ſtrains,
While bleſt eternity remains.

The End of the Te Deum.

EXTEM-

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES

ON THE

DEATH of the late C. HIRD, Eſq.

Near *Bradford, Yorkſhire.*

AH! why regret the loſs
Of thoſe whom JESUS calls,
From time's continual croſs;
From life's perpetual thralls;
A beatific reſt t' obtain,
And high in fields of light to reign.

Though ſcarce this lovely FLOW'R,
Partook the noon-tide ray;*
Ere ſome celeſtial POW'R,
Bore it to brighter day:
Ye kindred ſouls, no longer pine;
'Tis ſafely ſtor'd by HANDS divine.

* *He died young.*

With

With lively hope he brav'd,
The ſhock of nature's foe:
Triumphantly behav'd,
Beneath the mortal blow;
Not dreading death's o'erſhading wing:
The murd'rous fang, or fatal ſting.

By fi'ry chariots wheell'd,
He paſs'd th' ethereal blue:
Or angel-guards upheld
His ſpirit, as they flew;
To introduce him to the SKIES,
And honour him in paradiſe.

To greet the happy gueſt,
The flaming lyriſts ſtand:
While he with glory dreſt
Roves o'er th' auſpicious land,
And mingles in th' auguſt acclaim
Of ſhouting worlds, to JESU's name.

Thou GOD of life and death;
Thou FRIEND of ſinful man:
Increaſe thy people's faith,
Amidſt their grief and pain:
Ah, give them all this ſtroke t' improve,
And while they weep, t' adore and love.

ON THE

DEATH

OF A

FINE INFANT,

Who was Born and Died on March 23, 1787.

THOU lovely freed, ſeraphic flame!
Late ſparkling in that beauteous frame;
Ah! to thy weeping parents, ſay,
Why left ſo ſoon thy breathleſs clay?

Had our careſſes fond, no charms?
A father's ſmiles, a mother's arms,
No ſweet conſtraints to keep thee here,
To ſhare their comforts, or their care?

Ye little cherubs! wreath'd with flow'rs,
Serenely cull'd from heav'nly bow'rs,
You ſaw your brother take his flight,
And land in everlaſting light!

Kindly,

Kindly, the ſmiling gueſt you own,
And lead him to th' imperial Throne;
Amid the ſoft melodious ſongs,
Of all your infant, heav'n-tun'd tongues.

Or doth your pretty diction flow,
Of all above you ſee and know?
How you are JESU's darlings, too,
And what bright robes are giv'n to you.

Celeſtial babe, with glory bleſt:
No Peter, with falſe zeal poſſeſt,
Forbids thy ruby'd lips, the kiſs
Of thy REDEEMER, high in bliſs.

Incarnate GOD! to thee we bow:
Great friend to th' infant myriads thou!
We would their pure hoſannas join,
And give thee worſhip all divine.

Theſe are the lambs thy boſom bears,
Bought with thy blood, thy groans, thy tears!
Secure from harms in thine embrace,
They ſing the glories of thy grace.

They had their ſuff'rings here below;
Their tender cries expreſs'd their woe;
But now their radiant forms declare,
They feſtive joys, with angels ſhare.

LINES,

LINES,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

Rev. JOHN FLETCHER,

Of *Madeley* in *Shropſhire.*

AND is he gather'd from this climate drear?
Where ſurly *Boreas* blows his dead'ning blaſts;
Replanted in a more indulgent ſphere,
Where not a wint'ry cloud the day o'ercaſts?

Oft hath he felt the whirlwind's waſting wing;
The crude damp eve-lapſe, and the midnight chill;
Unlike the gales, which gentle zephyrs bring,
When they come whiſp'ring o'er the verdant hill.

Yet nobly cultur'd with ſupernal toil;
And rip'ning ſhow'rs imbibing from above:
He flouriſh'd, as if nurs'd in richer ſoil,
And with ambroſial ſweets perfum'd the grove.

Of

Of comlieſt growth, for even envy own'd,
That heav'n's fine PLANT might ſhew its image here;
While willing cherubs pitch'd their tents around,
And pour'd their bleſſings on the branches fair.

In vain the fumes which pow'rs malign exhale,
To check his riſing beauty e'er preſum'd:
In ſpight of ſtorm, or tempeſt's rough aſſail,
His foliage with celeſtial verdure bloom'd:

And lovely ſhew'd a ripe and ſpreading vine;
Dropping choice fruitage from his balmy leaves;
Meet to remove where ſuns more genial ſhine,
T' inhale the dews unclouded ether gives.

This HEAV'N beholds, and miſſions from the ſky,
Reſplendent legions, that without delay,
Him pluck from earth, and with their treaſure fly,
To glad th' elyſian of immortal day.

Rever'd below, and greatly priz'd above:
And rank'd elate among the ſplendors there!
His zeal, and all his ſocial virtues prove,
His title to ethereal manſions clear.

This iſle's cherubic watch, (in bright patrol,
Around her guarded coaſts,) with raviſh'd eye,
Beheld th' immortal chariots bear his ſoul,
Up to the blazing portals of the ſky.

Whether with ſhouts they hail'd his rapt'rous flight,
And fill'd th' expanſe with burſts of praiſe to
HEAV'N;
Or wond'ring gaz'd, 'till to th' empyrean height,
The fi'ry car with angel-ſpeed was driv'n.

The golden doors ſpontaneouſly threw ope,
Their fulgid folds, and ſparkling pour'd a train,
Of ſtarry-wreathed ſaints, a dazzling group,
Him, on th' aſcent of bliſs to entertain.

And as he rode up to th' imperial ſeat,
The azure avenues, on either hand,
Were throng'd with cherubim, prepar'd to greet,
Their happy gueſt on their delightful land.

While breezes pure on odorif'rous wing,
The charming ſounds of gratulation bore;
Melodious mov'd each lyre's melodious ſtring,
On verd'rous hill, or in umbrageous bow'r.

Yea, DEITY high pour'd th' extatic ſmile!
And GOD Incarnate bow'd the lofty throne;
With ſoft embraces to reward his toil,
And all his flaming worth to crown and own.

A FLETCHER's gone! nor can we wiſh his ſtay,
Though this opaque is wanting ſuch a light:
Mingling with thrones in everlaſting day,
The Saint tranſcends this orb of mortal night.

Sweetly

Sweetly caught up above this duſky clime,
To breathe with angels in ſalubrious air:
Beyond the envious ſhades of hell and time,
He reigns ſecure from ev'ry baneful ſnare.

What bright immortals ſtrike thy wond'ring eyes?
JESUS, and all ſalvation's countleſs fires!
As ſuns, illume th' interminable ſkies,
Fraught with the joys beatitude inſpires.

Nor are they rayleſs orbs, who late below
In *Salem's* temple burn'd as day-ſtars clear:
Ethereals, all our Kens and Uſhers know,
And on their gen'rous breaſts their portraits wear.

Congenial ſouls! as luminaries ſeen,
In ſable ether, with ſweet confluent flow,
Pour all their beams unſully'd and ſerene,
To form this midnight's planetary glow:

So happy theſe, though in th' illuſtrious ſphere,
Of moral agency, ſupremely bleſt:
Reciprocally give the rays they bear,
To GOD their ſource, their centre, and their reſt.

Dear rev'rend SHADE, what though no flambeaux flam'd,
No ſtucco'd ceilings were with cypreſs hung:
No waxen tapers o'er thy relics gleam'd,
And not a mournful dirge from Hayley's tongue.

No blazon'd 'ſcutcheon vaunting to the ſtars,
Of lordly race, and proud ally of blood:
No raven-colour'd plume undampt by tears,
Nor on thy bier *Arabian* odors ſtrew'd.

The deep cold clay, thy ſacred duſt inurns;
Unwet by ſculptor'd marble's trickling dew:
Mindleſs of time's low pride to earth it turns,
Bidding life's ſenſeleſs pageantry adieu!

Ah! if not thine to boaſt a titled birth,
Nor fated thine to buy a a poet's lays:
Theſe weeping thouſands ſpeak thee dear to earth:
And kingdoms are not ſilent in thy praiſe.

'Tis thine to be with golden ſplendors crown'd,
And in JEHOVAH'S courts high honours gain:
To walk in heav'nly pomp with thoſe renown'd,
Which form the MEDIATOR'S ſhining train.

'Tis thine, of worlds to take a proſpect wide,
Which through ſupporting Mercy thou haſt won:
To ſail on rich ſalvation's flowing tide,
And call her glorious oceans all thine own.

While angels mindful of thy honour'd clay,
To guard it, radiant bands of cherubs bring:
Around thy tomb, they ſtand in bright array,
And to each paſſing orb this *Sonnet* ſing,

Here

Here lies! weep all ye ſtars! here lies!
A native of ſublimer ſkies:
The caſket's dropp'd, the Jewel's fled,
And with thron'd glories lifts his head.

When HEAV'N ſtruck nature tott'ring reels,
And time throws off his laging wheels,
The diſtant lovers ſhall rejoin,
And ſolar luſtre far outſhine.

Ye mortals liſten to the lay,
Secure ſalvation while you may,
Purſue with FLETCHER endleſs reſt,
And you'll on deathleſs triumphs feaſt.

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mr. ROWLES SCUDAMORE.

Late of *Birmingham.**

HARK! lays celeſtial ſtrike mine ear,
Utt'ring with moſt exquiſite air,
"A human ſpirit's come!
"Angels, prepare a radiant ſeat,
"And happy ranſom'd CLEMENT greet;
"To his eternal home."

The gates of em'rald open ſtand,
Diſplaying all the beauteous land,

* *He deſcended from that ancient and reputable family, the* SCUDAMORES *of the City of* Gloſter, *being the ſon of the late* CAPEL SCUDAMORE, Eſq.

With

With all its golden thrones:
And white-rob'd CLEMENT's uſher'd in,
With ſongs melodious and divine,
By heav'n's immortal ſons.

Not ſuffer'd on the heights ſublime,
The envy'd paths of tranſient time,
To run in mad career:
To tempeſt half this mighty world,
And be from pride's dread ſummit hurl'd,
To ruin and deſpair.

But in the lowly vale of peace,
The avenue to righteouſneſs,
His ſpirit meekly trod;
Society's unwav'ring friend,
With honeſty did int'reſts blend,
Untill he went to GOD.

Affliction ſorely preſs'd him down;
Though not the ſubject of thy frown,
For thou O LORD, waſt near:
To heal his ſpiritual diſeaſe;
T' apply the healing balm of peace;
In anſwer to his pray'r.

We therefore join th' angelic lays:
And to excell in flowing praiſe,

Our

Our grateful boſoms pant;
That thou in mercy didſt beſtow,
Our PARENT, to thy church below,
And raiſe to bliſs, the SAINT.

THE

DYING SAINT's SOLILOQUY.

POSSESSOR of this gaſping clay,
Emerge to everlaſting day!
Though death thy vital pow'rs invade,
His ſable wings around the ſpread,
Yet lo! the viſion's bright before thee,
Triumphant palms, and wreaths of glory:
Then burſt this intervening cell,
And fly to bliſs, where angels dwell.

The dazzle of her ſkies,
Breaks on my raviſh'd eyes,
And kindles glowing tranſports here!
I ſee a golden throne,
Grac'd with th' Incarnate SON,
While airs melodious ſtrike my ear.

How

How ſweet that cherub ſeems!
Dreſt with immortal beams;
Hark! hark! he bids me come,
Points to a glitt'ring dome!
With pinions on th' expand,
Awaiting the command,
My ſoul to bear to her ethereal home.
O death! no dread I fear,
A heav'nly convoy's near!

ON

DR. WATTS.

ANGELS here wonder while they gaze,
And WATTS is honour'd with their bays:
Rob'd, as the muſe's child, is he,
With ſilver immortality.

Noble as Locke, in ſterling ſenſe;
A Tillotſon, in eloquence:
Fair, and inviting is his page,
As that, of the Auguſtan-age.

While

While tuneful nature tips his tongue,
With all the honey of her ſong,
An envy'd ſummit he maintains:
A Collins, in his lyric ſtrains.

What charming *Novels* feaſt our eyes!
See! luſcious *Op'ra ſcenes* ariſe:
At which the crowds, with rapture roar,
And thunder with the praiſe they pour!

Falſe ſcribbler where? this prince of men,
Employ'd the magic of his pen,
And all the talents to him giv'n,
To lead both young and old to heav'n.

ON

A very late pious SINGER OF OUR ISRAEL.

SWEET LYRIST! of celeſtial note;
Copious in many a lay:
Or iſſuing clear, with flow devout.
While warbling ſeraphs * lead the way.

* *Luke* ii. 14.

Say,

Say, heav'nly BARD, in what ſublime,
Thy elevated wing was caught:
When bright Redemption urg'd the rhyme,
And rapt the eagle of thy thought.

No ſiren in her lovelieſt dreſs,
Could raiſe the like ethereal fire:
As when the beams of ſacred bliſs,
Awoke the paſſion of thy lyre.

Juſt ſo, the chief of *hebrew* hymn,
Mounts with his muſe th' eternal hill!
Supernal MERCY, * all his theme
In all its charms, ineffable.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL,

WITH A

Solemn Interceſſory Addreſs to the DEITY.

O THOU, that fill'ſt interminable ſpace;
Indulgent parent of the human race:

* *Pſalm* ciii.

By

By whom they riſe and drink the ſolar fire,
Or breathleſs to their duſt in crowds retire!
With awe, a mortal of time's evil day,
Invokes thy name, and makes attempt to pray.

With ſov'reign pity view a ſinner LORD;
Nor aim thy ſhaft, nor point thy deadly ſword,
Againſt a creeping puny worm of earth,
A traitor vile by action and by birth:
A wretch, whoſe name muſt give affront to HEAV'N;
Yet mercy begs, implores to be forgiv'n.
O! let his groans repentant reach thine ear;
O! be diſpos'd to pardon and to ſpare.

Though in contaminating guilt I lie;
Yet ſure thy blood O CHRIST can purify?
Divine its pow'r each motion to control,
And waſh innate pollution from the ſoul.
Ah, give me faith, this diffidence remove;
Ah, give me faith in bright atoning LOVE!
O thou, whoſe charge, the univerſe obeys;
Whoſe potent nod, the whole creation ſways:
Whoſe SPIRIT kindles ev'ry pure deſire,
And fans with heav'nly gales the holy fire,
Look down, look down, O haſte to my relief!
LORD, I believe, O help my unbelief.

From

From ſordid motives may thy child be free;
My firſt great principle, *be love to thee*,
Next, charity, to all the human race,
But chiefly to the pious ſons of grace.
May love to thee, all low concerns deſtroy,
And fill my ſoul with holy peace and joy:
May love to thee, urge with ſeraphic zeal,
In thy great cauſe, the weakneſs of my will:
T' engage in the high ſervice of the croſs,
And for it deem earth's pureſt bullion droſs.
Should hell, with all her wakeful hoſts combine,
To wreſt from thee, my GOD, this heart of mine;
Or elſe, conſtrain my life to undergo,
The fierceſt tortures men invent below;
Like him * of old, I'd brave the ruſhing flame,
Embrace the faggot, and its rage contemn:
Rejoice, exult, amid conſuming fires,
While to its GOD my ſuff'ring ſoul aſpires.

When days approach to be in worſhip ſpent,
Thy holy temple may my feet frequent.
O how divine to meet the virtuous throng,
With whom a JESUS deigns to be among.
They pray, they hear, they join the bleſt above,
In lofty praiſes to almighty LOVE.
The ſaints have here a bounteous table ſpread,
And richly feaſt on more than earthly bread;

* *Shadrach.*

And freely drink with that immortal food,
The balmy nectar of IMMANUEL's blood!
O happy men, in commerce with the ſkies,
For pearls procur'd by heav'nly merchandize.
O happy men, whoſe hallow'd lives declare,
Their hearts above, their treaſure center'd there:
Foregoing ſenſual joys for golden crowns,
A brighter ether, and more blooming downs:
May I be *one* among the noble *few*,
Ev'n ſo, amen, thou *Holy*, *Juſt*, and *True*.

Within the ſphere I hold my name and place,
May I improve my talent, and thy grace.
The little flock committed to my care,
May I lead on with tenderneſs and pray'r;
Through meads ambroſial, and delicious lawns,
Graz'd by the gentle lambs or ſportive fawns:
Elyſian vallies with their tuneful rills,
And where the dew of heav'nly grace diſtils;
Which zephyrs fan with odorif'rous wing;
Where philomels harmonious ceaſeleſs ſing;
Into thy fold, O PASTOR of the ſheep,
Their ranſom'd ſouls eternally to keep.

May human woe, my tender feelings move,
Excite to acts of pity and of love.
In mis'ry's cell, whene'er thine abjects groan,
And pain extorts the melancholy moan:

Or

Or fierce diſeaſes on their vitals prey,
While ſickneſs dims the eye-ball's viſive ray:
May I, my ſuff'ring brother's anguiſh ſhare;
Return him groan for groan, and tear for tear.
Spend life and ſtrength to raiſe my ſinking friend,
Or pour my ſoul to thee, thine aid to ſend;
T' apply the healing balm which ſooths the rod,
And bid him truſt—an all-ſuſtaining GOD.

May holy light through ev'ry clime pervade,
Diſperſe the gloom of ſin's malignant ſhade.
Riſe! *Salem's* peerleſs LUMINARY riſe!
With gladd'ning beams array th' orient ſkies.
May *China's* realms thy golden progreſs ſing,
And ſit redeem'd beneath thy radiant wing.
With awe profound, may *India* bow the knee;
Viewing her dreary ſhades diſſolv'd by thee.
While *Perſia*, pride of *Aſia's* ancient ſeats,
With earlieſt off'rings thy effulgence greets.
O bow the *Ott'man* regions to thy ſway!
Reſiſtleſs ARM of might, their dragon ſlay;
Of baſe *Arabian* breed, whoſe ſtygian breath,
From *Mecca* blown hath throng'd the realms of death:
On gird thy ſtrength, thou POW'R ineffable!
And chaſe th' impoſtor to the nether hell.

Primeval BRIGHTNESS! dart thy vivid rays,
On all the tribes of Ham's impriſon'd race.

May *Niger's* ſons thy glorious riſing ſee;
And wond'rous *Nile* give up her ſhores to thee;
Whilſt *Æthiopia* ſmiles to ſee thy reign,
Extend o'er all the climes of her domain,

DESIRE of nations, t' ev'ry kingdom come,
Ye empires bow, O make the SAVIOUR room.
Ye thrones that dwell in ſhades, behold, 'tis HE,
That brings immortal light and liberty!
Break off your chains, though faſt'ned by the friend
Of pontiff pride, black ſuperſtition's fiend.
Break off your chains, with lively rapture view,
Your GOD, his antichriſtian foe ſubdue;
Beneath the thunder of unequal pow'r,
The tyrant falls, and reſcu'd kings adore.

Once more, O DAY of glory, I implore,
Thy ray t' illumine the *Columbian* ſhore.
Thoſe new-found worlds, auſpicious MERCY feed;
And ſow their deſerts with celeſtial ſeed.
Diſtil ye heav'ns, the pure prolific dew,
And thou, bleſt SPIRIT, ev'ry clime renew.
Where thiſtles grow, command to ſpring the pine;
And thorn to be ſupplanted by the vine:
May barren waſtes, a verdant landſcape yield,
And ſandy wilds become a fruitful field.

From *South* to *North* may the glad RADIANCE fly,
And kindle glories for a brighter ſky!

Where

Where war of late, uprear'd her ſnaky head,
And plagues, and death, and devaſtation ſpread,
No more be ſubject to the fierce alarms,
Of broils inteſtine, and the din of arms;
But emulous, heav'n's deathleſs wreaths to gain,
And kingdoms be of JESU's peaceful reign.

Thou FRIEND to Abr'ham, gracious, wiſe and juſt;
Though now the ſaint is mingled with the duſt,
Commiſerate his ſeed—that faithleſs race,
Bring gently back by thy reſtoring grace.
Ah, from their minds remove the moral ſteel;
Pour mental day, and give their pow'rs to feel.
Convinc'd that SHILOH's come, may they uprear,
A ſecond Fabric fine, and gather there,
To pay high honours to th' Incarnate SON,
And him with triumphs as MESSIAH own!
Thus, when thine ancient ſons convened be,
May all the nations all thy glory ſee!
May one great SHEPHERD o'er large fold preſide;
Unrivall'd reign while endleſs ages glide.

On a fair ſpot in nature's wide domain,
(As ſome fair edifice adorns a plain.)
Britannia ſtands; great GOD, *Britannia* bleſs;
And fill her realms with piety and peace.
May balmy ſhow'rs repleniſh all her rills;
And ſmiling plenty yellow all her hills.

May countleſs fatlings ever graze her meads;
While dewy ether all its richneſs ſheds.
May conſtant bread to all her poor be giv'n,
And commerce flouriſh as the gift of HEAV'N.
Thy choiceſt favours may her SOV'REIGN ſhare,
With health and glory long his di'dem wear:
Conſcious of aiding pow'r, divinely great,
View ſnarling faction proſtrate at his feet.
His people's weal with lively pleaſure ſee,
And be the bulwark of their liberty.
O may the QUEEN in tranquil paths be led:
The ruby'd crown feel eaſy on her head;
And both, as ſuns illuſtrious nobly move,
In circles of benev'lence, peace, and love!
The comfort have, to ſee their royal race,
Their royal PARENTS' virtuous footſteps trace;
Or ſerving heav'n's high SIRE, auguſt and wiſe,
On thrones below, as they above the ſkies!
When death hath clos'd their golden moments here,
And angels crown'd them in a happier ſphere.

May Pity ſoft, urg'd by thy melting EYE,
Relieve the tribes that in affliction lie;
Viſit the cell, bow to the pris'ner's groan,
And make each plaintiff's ſorrow all her own,
Ah, thou haſt pow'r, why doth my GOD contend,
And on the wretched all his arrows ſpend?

Can

Can mis'ry pour hoſannas to thy name?
Can death with hallelujahs thee proclaim?
Ah, thou haſt pow'r, nor is thy ſov'reign will,
Fully to puniſh bent, but ready ſtill,
To pour the lenient balm, to heal the wound:
To make the ſighing abject's joys abound:
And lodge the weary in perpetual bliſs;
Rejoice my ſoul, rejoice, rejoice at this!

THOU *Salem's* living HEAD, that ſhed'ſt thy blood,
T' obtain her glory, and immortal good!
With heav'nly ſplendor may her domes ariſe,
As rear'd by him who built the azure ſkies;
Bid her in ſpight of earth or envious hell,
Serene and ſafe beneath thy ſmiles to dwell.
May faithful watchmen round her bulwarks ſtand,
To guard her walls, and cry at thy command,
"Prepare a living way! for GOD make room!
"Daughter of *Sion*, thy Salvation's come!"
Attentive to the ſound, may thouſands yield,
And be as thy redeem'd, ſecur'd and ſeal'd.
May each addition the fair city grace,
And Mercy ſhine with her celeſtial rays:
Transforming ſenſeleſs, into living ſtones;
And granting men to ſit on heav'nly thrones.

May *Sion's* wealth, O JESUS! be thy care,
My country's weal's included in the pray'r,

Yea

Yea all mankind's. *Sion*, auſpicious prop,
Supports our empires while ſhe aids our hope.
What is the world without her glorious ray?
A mournful ſcene of guilt, depriv'd of day!
Replete with men irrationally driv'n,
By paſſions fierce to thwart the will of HEAV'N!
T' invert creation's wiſe concerted plan;
And make opponents, GOD, and favour'd man.
RELIGION! O thou bright ethereal maid;
With ev'ry ſocial, angel-charm array'd:
And thou dear *Salem*, reſidence benign;
Of this pure hearted 'habitant divine;
Ye ſtop the thunder of th' ALMIGHTY's hand!
Suſpend his judgments o'er a guilty land:
Were you no more, this earth would ſoon expire,
And make her exit in conſuming fire;
Drop from her orb, on ſome ſulphureous flood,
And die, as if forſaken by her GOD.

Much hath been crav'd—O for an angel's lays,
To ſing the mercies of my num'rous days;
Too great for eloquence of human tongue:
Above ſublimity of mortal ſong.
Me they've inclos'd, I prove their utmoſt bounds,
Their heights moſt lofty, and moſt ample rounds!
If obligation can be laid on ſenſeleſs duſt,
As object glorious of its Maker's truſt;

To

To form in ſymmetry its lifeleſs clay,
And bring its feeble being into day:
For DEITY its embryo t' inſpire,
With living ſparks from uncreated fire;
And fix duration deathleſs to the whole
Material body, immaterial ſoul:
I ought if fond of verſe, his honours raiſe,
And form my humble numbers to his praiſe.

Though nurs'd and rear'd auſpicious fruit to bear,
To anſwer my indulgent PLANTER's care;
Aud taught to drink of life's ambroſial dews,
From heav'n diſtill'd for my peculiar uſe;
While more than mortal, yea, celeſtial pow'rs,
Have guarded all my nights and waking hours;
I've prov'd a noxious overgrowing weed;
A baſe degen'rate from a goodly ſeed.
And being baniſh'd my CREATOR's ſmile,
As diſappointing all his gen'rous toil:
I deadly droop'd, was with the outcaſts laid,
'Till bright REDEMPTION iſſu'd to my aid;
His child to plant in his own kindly clime;
T' inhale balſamic ſhow'rs from ſkies ſublime.
O mercy vaſt! exult ye bleſt abodes!
And give great JESUS plaudits all ye gods!
A rich eternity's effulgent ſun,
Beſtows the ſmiles by noble vict'ry won;

This

This fires my ſoul, conſtrain'd are all my pow'rs,
To ſing of him my grateful heart adores;
To tell the choirs above, and men below,
How vaſt the debt to boundleſs LOVE I owe;
For being's birth, Salvation's wond'rous plan:
And all its grand effects to favour'd man.

Hail glorious LORD, this wide creation's SIRE!
As angel-worſhip, may my praiſe aſpire:
Accepted riſe before thy radiant throne,
Through th' interceſſion of thy darling SON;
Who is my plea, my advocate, my prize!
My hope below, my bliſs above the ſkies.

May this at leaſt be notic'd to my fame;
That to his worth I ſign my puny name:
Among the thouſands proud t' undeify,
His eſſence bright, as leſs than the MOST HIGH:
Write *this*, thou flaming ſcribe, to whom 'tis giv'n,
To be the ſacred annalliſt of heav'n;
This, *this*, inſert in thine immortal page,
THE MUSE IS PURE IN THIS SOCINIAN-AGE!

Yea, far more, O may my name be enroll'd,
Among the ſheep of this great SHEPHERD's fold:
Who follow him to final victory,
And gain the plaudits of eternity!

Through

Through warring fields, and fi'ry ſtorms below,
Where fiends ferocious darts malignant throw:
Nor ſhall black hell the ſignature eraſe,
Illuſtrious as yon ſun's unclouded blaze.

GREAT, GOOD, and WISE, eſſentially poſſeſs'd,
Of ev'ry mean to make thy being bleſt.
Ere fair creation walk'd th' empyrean road,
Thou waſt the pow'rful, ſelf-informing GOD.
Complete thy bliſs, nor can addition know,
From thrones of light above, or thrones below:
Yet deign'dſt to toſs from thine omnific hand,
Theſe blazing worlds to roll at thy command;
To hang their lamps in yon cerulean ſky,
And form ſtupendous ſyſtems as they fly.
Not matter only, each its beings aſſign'd,
Of human, ſpiritual, or angelic kind:
Thoſe, in high *bliſs* perform thy ſov'reign will;
Theſe, candidates for nobler *honours* ſtill:
If *that* is loſt, by ſelf-perverſion free,
Or *them* ſecur'd by firm fidelity;
Thy love, with glories bright the victor crowns;
Juſtice, the rebel lays beneath thy frowns;
While ſhouting ſkies applaud thy righteous ways,
And gladly triumph in rewarding grace.

Scarce to attend thy great creating call,
Roſe out of chaos this terreſtrial ball,

With

With animal, and vegetable fraught;
And man its lord, by noble reaſon taught.
Serene and placid where his circling hours;
And *Eden* yielded her delicious bow'rs.
The glorious work, from ev'ry evil free,
Was ſentenc'd *good*, and wholly worthy thee:
But prime ethereals fell from domes of light;
Became obnoxious in thy holy ſight:
Aſſuming undeputed thrones, were driv'n,
And hurl'd from off the argent plains of heav'n:
Hence malice dire, and ſtubborn pride began;
And envy, fraught with ſnares to happy man.
Ah! too ſucceſsful was the wily foe;
Man liſten'd! ſinn'd! and let his glory go!
Incurr'd HEAV'N's ire, with all its meagre train,
Of fell diſeaſe, mortality and pain:
Forbear my muſe, Urania draw a vail;
Or drop a tear o'er the diſaſtrous tale.

But O! what projects from this ſcene took birth,
What good to man, what joy to all the earth!
Ye heav'ns reſound in everlaſting ſtrains,
And let it ring through your ethereal plains;
That HE, who guides the ſtars their azure way;
Who opes and ſhuts the circling eye of day;
Who feeds with liquid light yon blazing ſun;
And tells each planet where to ſhine and run;

Left

Left choirs immortal, and celeſtial thrones,
To ranſom earth's deprav'd, perverted ſons.

Not all redeem'd; of gracious purpoſe void,
Was not HEAV'N'sbreaſt, but by ſelf-will deſtroy'd:
Which makes more deadly, nature's deadly wound;
While deaf their ears to ſweet ſalvation's ſound:
He gives them light, but they that light obſcure;
And pain and darkneſs to themſelves procure.

Man, by perverſion ſinn'd, th' OMNISCIENT flew,
And judgment paſs'd on man moſt juſtly due,
Yet mix'd with mercy! O that morning ray,
Bright herald of a more effulgent day!
T' emblazon this, what other lights have flam'd,
In various climes, or *ſage* or *prophet* nam'd?
What temples rais'd? what hecatombs have bled?
What prodigies among the nations ſpread?
Nature revers'd! immortal chiefs at war!
Hell captive dragg'd by HEAV'N's triumphal car.

When lo! the clouds diſſolve, the ſhadows flee;
Now walks the SUN in peerleſs majeſty.*
The glories bright through all th' horizon gleam;
Diffuſing life and light with healing beam.
The favour'd nations drink the golden ray,
'Till all are gladden'd with the ruſhing day.

* *The Incarnation of our* LORD.

Infinite GLORY ſtain'd by man's offence;
Atonement claim'd from more than Innocence.
Ev'n SANCTITY HIMSELF muſt ſatisfy,
Or the tranſgreſſor muſt for ever die.
O cruel truth! found *orthodox*, indeed;
But how repugnant to a Pr——y's creed?

Self-bias'd, erſt celeſtials fell by pride: *
Man's virtue fail'd, not unaſſail'd, untry'd:
IMMENSITY from thoſe all grace witheld,
And righteous wrath their dire perdition ſeal'd.
HEAV'N leſs ſevere with man, permits th' abodes,
Of higheſt bliſs, the reſidence of gods,
An Arbiter to lend; there offer'd ONE,
A co-eternal POW'R on equal throne:
Replete with love, with balmy grace replete,
To make two jarring foes harmonious meet;
JUSTICE unmov'd, with his ſtorm-gath'ring eyes;
And white-wing'd MERCY! th' idol of the ſkies!
By an aſſumption of the human frame,
With all its weakneſſes and ſinleſs ſhame:
To be a copy of HEAV'N's holy *Code*,
His death, a ſacrifice for man to GOD.
Impartial JUSTICE now remits his frown,
Smiles on the bleſt, and lays his thunder down.

* *The opinion of Divines in general.*

Bedew your cheeks with tears ye ſons of light;
But triumph in your day, ye pow'rs of night:
This hour moſt ſad, in which it is decreed,
(While man muſt be th' abettor in the deed,)
For hell to pluck this RADIANCE from his orb,
And all his blaze within her ſhades t' abſorb.
For lo! high tempeſts riſe, fierce meteors roll:
Convulſions rock the earth from pole to pole:
Peals of terrific thunder rend the air;
And ſcareing comets in the ether glare;
Above, around, the livid lightnings play,
And fiends, with tenfold darkneſs wrap the day!
Deep caverns belching, vomit fires malign,
And *Tophet* ſpends th' infernal magazine;
When all-o'erwhelm'd, th' immortal, paſſive GOD,
Declines and ſinks, in groans, and griefs, and blood.*

Worth, more than adequate, was paid for man,
That he, his prior glories might regain:
That blood divine, atonement ample made:
That grand aſcent, a boundleſs good diſplay'd;
Then fatal wounds to death and hell were giv'n,
And man reſtyl'd, *Th' immortal child of* HEAV'N.

Strike off in chorus full, ye hymning choir;
To lays tranſcendent ev'ry band aſpire:

* *The paſſion, agony, and death of our* LORD.

Wake, ev'ry melting, clear, harmonious ſtrain,
And ard'rous glow, to ſwell the pleaſing vein.
He roſe! he roſe! he left his maſſy bed;
Death and his ghaſtly terrors captive led.
Throw ope your golden doors ye heav'nly domes;
Behold this HERO with ſalvation comes:
Bid your triumphal arches nobly riſe,
And rear his trophies to your limpid ſkies:
With amaranthine flow'rs your pavements ſtrow,
And wreaths immortal place upon his brow;
Who glorioufly poſſeſs'd of love and pow'r,
Took wing and roſe, to ſet in blood no more.

Rekindled in the ſkies though quench'd below:
This GLORY ſelf-illumin'd did beſtow
A thouſand minor ſuns, which lent their ſpheres,
To this opaque, this dreary vale of tears:
Some ſet in declination ſweetly fine;
Others expung'd ere half to their decline:
Not for their own deſert, but fumes from hell
O'erſhade their day with exhalation fell:
Yet ere extinct, by bleſs'd inſtruction giv'n,
They dropp'd a lamp new lighted up by HEAV'N.
See it on *Solyma's* high tow'r deſcend!
The blind to guide, the wand'rer to befriend.
Ye ſacred volumes hail, with wiſdom fraught;
And penn'd by man as Inſpiration taught:

O ſweetly

O ſweetly lead me to thoſe bright abodes,
Where men familiar converſe held with gods:
Where op'ning heav'ns diſplay'd to mortal ſight,
Deſcending thrones, and ſeraphs rob'd with light.
I read, I'm charm'd, my eager fancy roves,
Through blooming bow'rs, and *Eden's* happy groves:
Joins the primeval couple in their ſongs,
Th' harmonious accents of their tuneful tongues:
Inhales the odors of the balmy breeze,
And plucks heſperian fruitage off the trees:
O'erhears the muſic of the neighb'ring hill,
Or nectar quaffs from yonder purling rill:
Bows to cherubic guardians, as they paſs:
And courts ſoft ſlumbers on the downy graſs;
Lull'd, by the ſweet congratulating airs,
The melody of heav'n and all her ſpheres.
By you I trace, what time th' almighty CAUSE,
Subjected matter to its various laws;
How modell'd duſt from his amazing plan,
His Spirit breath'd, and nam'd the creature, *Man*.
How inundations whelm'd a guilty world!
How ſulph'rous fires were on *Gomorah* hurl'd!
How ſeas divided while the ranſom'd paſs'd!
How Iſr'el's ſons laid thrones and empires waſte!
How GOD HIMSELF, in majeſty, came down!
And made his law, and will, in thunders known!
How ſuns, and planets, liſt'ned unto man!
And time's ſwift car arreſted. As it ran!

With all your moving leſſons to mankind,
How ſtrong they ſtrike on my attentive mind.
My greatly favour'd ſoul, with willing hands,
Submits her pow'rs to your divine commands:
With trembling reads, what ſtormy-treaſur'd ſkies
Impendant hang o'er thoſe who you deſpiſe:
While heav'nly muſic thrills her tender veins,
Whene'er ſhe hears your evangelic ſtrains.

Ye anti-bible ſots, we've proof replete,
That Wiſdom fair hath driv'n you from her ſeat,
Juſt as preceptors do with idle boys,
Who leſs on learning doat, than childiſh toys;
Being unmeet the leſſons of her ſchools;
Grown up from dwarfiſh to gigantic fools.
Can all the tomes of heathen eloquence,
Produce ſuch nervous and immortal ſenſe?
Can ſuch pure gold be dug from *Grecian* mines,
As that, which glows in theſe prophetic lines?
Hath your chaotic ſyſtem any ſun?
Or doth that taper yield a ſolar noon?
Your ignis-fatuus only leads aſtray,
Our burning LAMP, guides to eternal day.
Bright æras of full bliſs, belong to ours;
A dreadful whirlpool, ſhuts the ſcene of yours.

Man made! man ruin'd! and loſt man reſtor'd:
His freedom bought by nature's ſov'reign LORD.

A gracious

A gracious edict paſs'd th' empyreal ſeal,
Confirm'd decree! *That man's* HEAV'N'S *fav'rite ſtill;*
Ye bleſt, you heard it ratify'd above;
You heard, and bow'd to ſuch ſtupendous love!
The ſweet report, through all your regions flew,
And tears of flowing joy it brought from you.
Ah, little do we think in this dark cell,
What flames of love in angel-boſoms dwell.

If man is wiſe to know his dire diſeaſe;
Seeks for his MAKER'S pardon, and his peace:
Throws off the tyranny of evil pow'rs,
And owns him LORD, whom Gabr'el pure adores:
Paying th' allegiance due to his high throne,
And firm affiance reſts on him alone!
He gains a grant from the propitious SKIES,
Of magazines well ſtor'd with rich ſupplies:
Nor needs he fear old hell in any form;
But ſtand her onſet, and brave out her ſtorm.

Ye troublers of our land with argument,
On faith and creeds, your time how fruitleſs ſpent!
Your language on theſe themes, how dull and ſtale:
Comes as a twenty times repeated tale.
That man has faith, whatever be his name,
Who humbly owns his poverty and ſhame;

Yet

Yet boldly pleads before the throne of Grace,
The value of his SAVIOUR'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.
Receives this JESUS, as his Prieſt and Lord;
And for ſalvation reſts upon his word:
Whoſe humble love, and active faith, endures,
'Till death th' imortal mind's releaſe procures.

Whatever mortals think of ſuch a one,
Archangels almoſt envy him his throne:
His rich reverſion ſee, the glorious meed,
And princely honours that his toils ſucceed.
To ſottiſh man, he ſems but as a mole:
But ſeraphs view a heav'n-aſpiring ſoul.
Thoſe, judge his life a ſcene of miſery;
Theſe, his deſtin'd path to immortality!
They tune their golden harps, and ſweetly raiſe,
Immortal anthems to their MAKER'S praiſe;
While echoes from th' eternal hills reſound,
"The dead's alive again! the loſt is found!"
Over the man, who thinks above the crowd,
And of being virtue's vot'ry, is proud.

Ye ſmiling heav'ns droop, ſhrink back thou ſun,
While o'er his griefs my penſive numbers run:
For two united pow'rs with malice fell,
The world capricious, and malicious hell;
Uſe all their arts, and blackeſt ſchemes deviſe,
To ſink his bark, new freighted by the ſkies:

Awhile,

Awhile, he plies on calm and open ſeas;
Sailing before a ſweet favonian breeze:
Now ſwell the waves, impetuous billows roll,
And clouds infernal overſhade the pole:
His guide ſtar loſt, he darkly plows the main,
And veers and toils, but ſeems to toil in vain:
If not good anchor hold, his courage fails;
And ſtygian horror o'er his mind prevails!
Perhaps, on *Scylla's* frightful rock, he wrecks,
Where, ruſhing cat'racts his lame veſſel breaks:
Or dread Charybdis' yawning cavern ſounds:
Sinks down ingulf'd, o'erſpread with blood and wounds.

Or theſe eſcap'd, the world, with Circean lore,
Diſplays the good, from heaps of ſhining ore;
Bids the gay trifles all his pow'rs beguile,
And ſeize his ſoul with faſcinating ſmile:
"Behold (ſays ſhe) fair fortune's happy child,
"Baſking in golden ſuns, ſecure, untoil'd:
"See where he rolls his gilded car along,
"And with a dazzle ſets agape the throng!
"Fame, with her clarion trumpets mighty things,
"Lets fly his honours on a thouſand wings!
"All are obſequious to his high command;
"Watching the motions of his head, or hand:
"He ſmiles, a heav'nly glory's on his eyes;
"He frowns, a deadly ſhade inveſts the ſkies.

"Doth

"Doth beauty lure? obtain in that fair's arms,
"A Cleopatra's, or a Hellen's charms:
"In ſilken pleaſures ſteep thy ev'ry ſenſe,
"The gods invite thee, fear no conſequence:
"Ah, why doth nature urge the tender ſigh?
"But for its ardent claim to gratify;
"Fools, diſtant keep, incapable to taſte,
"Th' extatic ſweetneſs of the rich repaſt.

"Is wine thy choice? then toſs the gen'rous bowl,
"And with its virtues chear thy grateful ſoul:
"To Bacchus, dedicate thy jovial hours;
"O let the purple god poſſeſs thy pow'rs;
"'Tis his, ſubſtantial comforts to beſtow.
"To make the mind forget its toils and woe."

Thus ſings the world, nor doth ſhe ſing in vain,
Myriads their freedom barter for a chain.
Unlike Ulyſſes,* ope th' ear to the ſound,
And let the ſyren-ſtrains their ſenſe confound.
Lull'd by the melting airs, their fancy feeds
On golden dreams, and wealth-procuring deeds.

* *Alluding to Ulyſſes' ſtopping the ears of his companions with wax, when he muſt ſail by Scylla and Charybdis.*

Or on Clauſina's † boſom courts repoſes,
By balmy zephyrs fann'd, and breath of roſes:
If bent, corroding ſorrow to deſtroy,
Quaffing oblivion with the jolly boy.

There lives a quondam foll'wer of the LAMB,
On yonder ſpot, ‡ nor muſt I write his name.
His well-inſtructed ſoul, with meekneſs pure,
Could for celeſtials, griefs and pains endure:
To danger brave, to low incitements blind,
Nor bluſh'd to own his gracious GOD was kind.
If ſorrow preſs'd his friend, it was his care,
To ſooth his ſighs, and wipe the falling tear:
He greatly labour'd for his neighbour's good;
The naked ſhar'd his garb, the ſtarv'd his food:
Dull ignorance was taught, the blind were led;
And thouſands pour'd their bleſſings on his head.

His ſimple talent being thus improv'd
In holy acts, as zeal to HEAVEN mov'd;
A providence, propitious and benign,
On all his ſeculars began to ſhine:
Goodneſs firſt gives, and then he deigns reward,
If non-improvement don't the grace retard:

† *A title of Venus.*
‡ *Mancheſter. This Gentleman is now, no more.*

One

One well-us'd bleſſing, makes that bleſſing two;
And many mercies numbers from a few;
So ſpeaketh *Holy writ*, and *Common ſenſe*,
In ſpight of Skeptic pride and inſolence.

But with a deep-fetch'd ſigh o'er human ſtrength;
Theſe notes to tragic muſt be chang'd at length:
As yon ſweet ſongſter charmer of the groves,
Now utt'ring all his melody of loves;
If loſt his mate, aſſumes a mournful lay;
And warbles ſadneſs as he bends the ſpray;
So muſt the muſe, though wanting of his ſkill,
T' incite the ear, her ſong with ſadneſs fill.

Commerce, a thouſand pour'd from ev'ry ſide;
Yet ſtood his virtue firm, though not untry'd.
A thouſand doubly told, came flowing in;
Then did his laſſitude of zeal begin.
No more, thoſe ſweet emotions of the mind;
That love to GOD, and all of human-kind:
The deity within, now felt no pain,
From what it lately would with cauſe diſdain:
Thoſe pious aſpirations wing'd by hope;
That heav'nly intercourſe began to droop:
Leſs frequent, viſits to th' ethereal POW'RS,
As quite intruſive on his buſy hours:
This did to HIM appear, before whoſe EYE
Man's inmoſt thoughts all bare and naked lie.

Yet,

Yet, no leſs ardor by the world was ſeen,
In works of righteouſneſs to GOD and men;
Still, in the circle of his active ſphere,
Virtue gave evidence of being there.

To men with finer intellectual bleſt,
And with that gift of piety poſſeſt;
Who view themſelves as ſtewards to their LORD,
And uſe as HIS, the wealth he doth afford:
Crown'd with celeſtial roſes affluence comes;
A helper of diſtreſs, with pride aſſumes:
Firſt, takes in all her relatives and friends!
Then, to her neighbour the aſſiſtance lends;
Extends as far as wants, her pity claim,
From any clime, original, or name.

What wonder then, if wealth's to moſt deny'd,
When the bright talent would be miſapply'd?
Contracted ſouls, its bright effects evade,
And gold to ſerve the baſeſt purpoſe made;
Aſſuming that low arrogating tone,
"Can't I my pleaſure uſe with what's my own."
Thou fool, that wealth thou dream'ſt entirely thine,
Though made thy ſacred charge, is *his*, is *mine*:
Is yonder cripple's, maugre thy diſdain;
Or that blind beggar's, with his dog and chain.
HEAV'N lent it for impartial gen'ral uſe:
That noble means, might ſolid good produce:

The agent thou, the ſov'reign owner HE,
Expects in this thy firm fidelity.
The honeſt poor, are his invited gueſts,
Which if deſpis'd, contemn'd are his beheſts.

But to my tale. One inch above the ground,
This mortal rais'd, and Mercy ſmiling round.
A thouſand was with mod'rate uſe enjoy'd;
But tens of thouſands all his grace deſtroy'd!
As metamorphos'd to the world appears:
And rarely wipes the wretched orphan's tears:
Seldom, the widow or the fatherleſs,
From him obtain the long ſought for redreſs:
Immers'd in weighty cares, at home, abroad:
Small leiſure now, for charity or GOD.
Buildings and mighty things employ each hour,
And pavements rattle with his *Coach and Four!*

Not only honeſt want, a donor loſt,
But to the Church, he yielded up the ghoſt.
Seated aloft amid the golden rays,
Emiſſive, from each mighty grandeur's blaze,
His own rais'd, fix'd, and ſplendid eminence;
And rob'd ſublimely with ſelf-conſequence;
How can he ſtoop to deſpicable things?
To the low ſubjects which religion brings.
Houſes are for him rear'd, ſuperbly fine,
But ſlighted is the *Work* and *Cauſe* divine!

No

No more he waters plants of righteouſneſs;
Nor old aſſociates gives the old addreſs:
Ev'n PROVIDENCE with all his kindly laws,
He queſtions, and this ſad concluſion draws,
His wealth's by chance, or application brought,
And not what GOD hath in his favour wrought.

Ye ſages of our day, with knowledge fraught,
Of men and things, by much experience taught;
Can that man's uſe of wealth be juſtify'd,
Who ſeeks to have his paſſions gratify'd?
Hath he improv'd the talent kindly giv'n,
In gratitude, to all-indulgent HEAV'N?
Or rather, is he not, ye fathers ſay,
An awful inſtance of apoſtacy?

Some ſeraph lend your genius while I paint,
What wants your ſkill, *a perſevering ſaint.*
The man, who to life's cloſe, walks virtue's road;
And nobly lives, and ſweetly dies in GOD.
True, as the fam'd Penelope of yore;
When left her martial lord, his native ſhore:
To lay dread ſiege to proud imperious *Troy*,
Nor ſtay'd the hero for his lovely boy.*
All-prudent dame, by various lovers woo'd;
She all their pray'rs, and all their threats withſtood.

* *Telemachus.*

"Behold, (ſays ſhe,) this ſilken taſk, aſſign'd,
"To wing the leaden hours, relax the mind;
"If this fulfill'd, ere my Ulyſſes come,
"To be a bride I ſurely will aſſume."
Their patience gain'd, her curious web to weave;
Th' amuſing toil the irkſome hours deceive:
But what her hands perform at wakeful noon,
By pious fraud, at midnight is undone!
Meanwhile, the ambient air is balm'd with ſighs;
And Jove's high ear is pierc'd with ardent cries:
"Ye Heav'ns regard my pray'r, O deign to take,
"My life away, or ſend Ulyſſes back.
"Full fifteen times hath the ſun's car gone round,
"Since e'er he trod on *Ithacæn* ground:
"Ah! muſt he drop by ſome fell *Trojan's* ſword?
"Or yonder ſeas o'erwhelm my deareſt lord?
"While hapleſs I, muſt be reluctant led,
"O worſe than death, partake a ſtranger's bed;
"Ye laging winds! O! mend your tardy pace;
"Reſtore the huſband, to the wife's embrace:
"Ulyſſes come! or I deſpair and die."
She wept, ſhe pray'd, and HEAV'N heard her cry:
Brought back her huſband to her willing arms!
To feaſt triumphant on bright virtue's charms.

Alike the vet'ran in the chriſtian wars,
How to ſecure the field, employs his cares:

Arm'd

Arm'd cap a pie, with panoply heav'n-wrought;
And for his purpoſe from her arm'ry brought:
Nor need I ſing his foes, imperial thrones,
And potentates! erſt, light's primeval ſons:
Sublime in air, they ſit at grand divan;
And rule this globe now tenanted by man;
The golden plate, emblazon'd with the creſt
Of *Judah's* LION, fits his dauntleſs breaſt.
And buckled on his unrelaxing loins,
Is Truth's ſtrong belt, which worth and proweſs joins.
With brazen greaves, his ready feet are ſhod,
Defenſive arm'd, to walk the dang'rous road:
While, dazzling the ſun with brilliancy, is held
In his firm graſp, the dart-repelling ſhield.
The ſilver helmet, on his head is plac'd:
Its ſurface with a SAVIOUR'S portrait, grac'd.
Equipp'd, he wields th' ethereal temper'd ſword,
And dominations, conquers by the *Word:*
While argent kept the whole, by conſtant pray'r,
Inceſſant watch, and ever wakeful care.

Ye deiſts, dropſy-ſwell'd with reas'ning pride:
'Tis glorious, *Bible-bigots* to deride.
Ah, you're the men! and wiſdom with you dies;
While the bright goddeſs from our temple flies.
Reaſon's legitimates, I give you praiſe,
Your ethic creeds, the glory of our days:

Dwindle thou chriſtian ſtar! exhauſt in air,
Thy little rays, a ſun! a ſun! ſhines here.
I humbly crave your pardon while I ſing;
At this poor head, ah, why the *Bible* fling?
I only to you ſhew'd it's letter'd back,
Its ample margin, and its covers black:
Muſt the muſe then for this be doom'd to hell?
Be chain'd with Ixion to the burning wheel?

And though each conflict with a foe I rue,
I muſt be cudgell'd by theſe templars* too:
Ye ſilken gods! before your ſhrine I fall;
Confeſs your knowledge wonderful to all.
Blockheads but pigmies into learning grow;
And but from little, little can beſtow:
But your large ſouls drink in th' interior ray;
And you the Calvins of our Goſpel-day.
Forgive me, if diſcordant to your ſtrains,
I ſang of pray'r and melancholy pains.
As gratitude to HEAV'N's approv'd return:
The writer's wild-fire did his judgment burn.
Or ſtumbling on poor James's legal code,
He took the letter, for the grace of GOD!
Since at your bar th' offending culprit ſtands,
For ſinging def'rence to divine commands;
Ah! uſe not cruel ſcourge, ſoft ſentence find,
"The man's a fool, ah! he's to Goſpel blind."

* *Antinomians.*

Not

Not only pray'r, and holy wafted ſighs,
Alone with GOD, as th' abject proſtrate lies;
But means notorious—Thee, firſt let me name,
Convention bright, ſtar of immortal flame;
Whoſe ray was kindled by th' incarnate SON!
And burns inceſſantly before the throne.
Though leſs refulgent this, than that above,
Yet both the offspring of almighty LOVE.
There, glory pours the full ethereal day:
Here, mercy ſhines with her ſerener ray:
Yet ſo, as all our ranſom'd ſouls t' allure;
And lift from matter groſs, the ſpirit pure.
How ſhall I *Salem*, ſing, thy temples rear'd;
For holy worſhip, and for HEAV'N, prepar'd;
Where crowds of living members daily wait,
To pour their incenſe at thy pearly gate;
While angels breathe the aromatic air;
And GOD, in humbled majeſty, is there.

Thee, next I ſing. Sweet ſpiritual repaſt,
Unmeet is Gabr'el to th' indulgent taſte:
Yet O! by ſottiſh mortals, how deſpis'd,
Tho' thy bleſt viands HEAV'N HIMSELF deviſ'd!
Previous to dying groans, and ſtreaming blood,
When man, his GOD to butchery purſu'd;
The SAVIOUR ſaid, "Here, this my body is,
"Take, eat, in foretaſte of perpetual bliſs!

"And

"And this my blood! O drink the vital ſtream,
"Which flows ſo freely, ſinners to redeem!"
The laſt ſoft whiſper of a parent dear,
With fault'ring accent, and with guſhing tear;
Thou would'ſt with grateful ſoul for ever note,
On thy firm mem'ry, as with ad'mant wrote;
Unleſs thy heart was hard, and callous grown,
As *Norway's* ice, or as an agate ſtone.
And wilt thou man, refuſe thine ear to lend,
To this, the language of thy greateſt friend?
More great, more dear, than all the ties below,
Than mortal pen can paint, or angel know:
A GOD, a Friend, compoſe the glorious name,
Of that once tortur'd agonizing LAMB!
O dignity ſublime, for man too high,
O wond'rous condeſcenſion of the ſky:
Saints feed, ſaints live, on more than angels' food,
A JESU's body, and a JESU's blood!
Raph'el, with holy rapture views the feaſt,
And breathes a wiſh to be a favour'd gueſt;
While the angelic choirs their muſic bring,
To celebrate the banquet of their KING:
Methinks, I hear their ſweet melodious lyres,
They charm my ſoul, and feed her holy fires.
My guardian angels, hear the vows I make,
Neglect your charge, if I this feaſt forſake;
Conſign me o'er to ſome leſs watchful care,
If I, to frequent holy rites forbear.

Thee,

Thee, laſt I ſing, immortal Charity,
Daughter and fav'rite of the DEITY.
In our ſublun'ry dwellings greatly fam'd,
Benevolence, or holy kindneſs, nam'd.
Cold nature kindled to ſeraphic love,
Or emanation from the bliſs above:
Celeſtial plant, in what luxurious ſoil,
Doſt thou with balmy fragrance deign to ſmile!
Breathing thy ſweets in yonder regal blaze,
Or beauties opening to a primate's rays;
Shining in golden legacies beſtow'd,
In barter for the mercy of a GOD?
Or patroneſs of ſeminaries giv'n,
To lecture youth, and nurſe the mind for HEAV'N?

Nature's hard mould ſoften'd by heav'nly art,
And grateful tempers blooming at the heart,
Brought from opaque to day the human mind,
Finds all her moral pow's and parts refin'd!
Aſſociate now, for more than mortal ſkies,
Dove-like with azure wings the cherub flies,
And takes his throne, while from his downy plumes,
Ambroſia drops, and odorous perfumes,
The ſoul firſt makes to HEAV'N her glad returns,
And with a kindly glow inceſſant burns:
And this her motto, THOU, O LOVE divine!
Firſt mov'd'ſt to ardor this cold heart of mine.

Next her prime cauſe, partake the ſocial fire,
Thoſe vital ſparks, reſtruck by the ſame SIRE,
Though fugitives of tranſitory time,
They lighten for an hour this lower clime;
Yet all one eſſence, ſhe pervades the whole,
And her great kindred claims from pole to pole;
Jointly they one eternal SOURCE proclaim,
One faith, in one REDEEMER's glorious name;
One holy unction dropp'd from heav'n above,
And one great title to eternal LOVE;
So ſtrong the cement, and ſo firm the tie,
The tears of one extort a general ſigh;
Yea, if a Peter's into priſon thrown,
The church inceſſant prays before the throne;
O harmony divine! how worthy men!
Ah why, O earth, wilt thou oppoſe its reign?
Doth there in all thy dreary climes, O hell,
Such ſympathy, ſuch holy union dwell?

Nor leſs a patriot, than a chriſtian proves,
With all her pow'rs, her native country loves.
Under auſpicious GEORGE ſhe boaſts her weal,
And with her blood, would the great witneſs ſeal.
As GOWER* ſerene, enjoys fair *Albion's* ſmile,
Or as ſage THURLOW, loves the happy iſle.

* *The moſt noble Granville Leviſon Gower, Marquis of Stafford.*

ISAIAH XII.

THRICE hail! emancipated pris'ner, hail!
Divinely gladden'd with the pure ſerene
Of Goſpel-calm, with her tranſparent ſky;
And peerleſs day deſcending from her SUN.
Emerg'd from caverns dark, aſtoniſh'd thou,
Begin'ſt with raptures this triumphant ſong.

"O Thou, that mak'ſt th'empyrean arch thy throne,
While worlds compoſe a pavement for thy feet:
My ſoul with ceaſeleſs acclamations ſhall,
Utter extatic praiſe: for though thy wrath
Hung o'er me nocent, as a heavy cloud
Surcharg'd with jav'lines of thy dreadful ire,
And eager ſeem'd t' o'erwhelm me; off 'tis fled!
Sweet MERCY ſhines! and opens to my view,
A ſpacious limpid ether; comfort comes,
And wakes my pow'rs to gratitude and love."

O ye!

O ye! that, baſk in the exub'rant blaze
Of GODHEAD's moſt immediate radiance;
If not o'er-dazzled with th' exceſſive ray,
Phænomenons of glorious love BEHOLD!
And cite your ſpheres to join you to admire
GRACE! GRACE ſtupendous! GOD my ſuccour is!
Though hell t' aſſail, ſummon all her pow'rs:
And earth in ſtubborn league with hell combin'd,
With dire determination to deſtroy,
Pour all their fires upon my feeble ſoul;
Yet will I truſt in great JEHOVAH's name,
Make him my boaſt, my glory, and my ſong.
Since He's become my ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Fearleſs I ſtand! maugre their fierceſt rage,
Secure within an aſylum ſo ſtrong.

Let this excite you, O ye mourning ſouls,
With hope to look to Him, and water draw
Out of SALVATION's unexhauſted founts!

In that thrice welcome day of ſaving pow'r,
Exulting in your GOD, your ſouls ſhall ſing,
"Great JESU's praiſe, ye heights and depths, reſound!
"Ye heav'ns effulgent, reſidence auguſt,
"Of the Eternal, where he deigns to beam
"The glories of unclouded DEITY!
"O! celebrate his love, in acts of praiſe;
"Let all your realms with brighter ſplendor glow:

"And

" And thou, O earth! replete with good immenſe,
" From thy ador'd CREATOR's bounteous hand;
" O magnify his name! proclaim his grace
" To all thy worlds! his peerleſs mercy laud,
" 'Till all thy ſhores with hallelujahs ring!

With zeal, renew the theme; amazing things
The LORD hath done—well known to all mankind:
Thy guilty race, O man, he hath redeem'd!
Bow'd the ethereal! left yon argent ſkies!
And rob'd his glory with a clod of earth!
Vanquiſh'd ſatanic pow'rs! hurl'd headlong down,
Th' aſpiring monſter! prone on blazing ſeas,
The wolf lies howling! hath thrown open wide
Heav'n's ſparkling ports t' admit the contrite in!
Made bare his arm! pluck'd from the jaws of hell,
A ſeed! a race! to celebrate his praiſe.

Triumphant SALEM, ſhout! thy matchleſs KING
Now fills thy ſacred temples with his glory!
Crown'd are thy nations with eternal light!
And bleſt thy ſons with peace! O boundleſs love!
GOD ever lives! reigns! ſhines! and dwells in thee!

JESUS,

A SACRED EULOGY,

HUMBLY IMSCRIBED TO

R. C. BRACKENBURY, Eſq.

THE LAW WAS GIVEN BY MOSES, BUT GRACE AND TRUTH CAME BY JESUS CHRIST. John i. 17.

AWAY! ye dreams of worldly pomp and pow'r;
Ye empty honours, which the vain adore;
A greater theme be mine——O heav'nly FIRE,
With ſacred rays, thy ſuppliant ſon inſpire.

JESUS! let flaming Gabr'els bow the knee,
Before the WISDOM* of the DEITY.
Ere blazing ſyſtems march'd their azure way,
Or ſuns, to bord'ring worlds beſtow'd the day;

* 1 *Cor.* i. 24.

Ere

Ere Cynthia rode ſublime with milder light,
Or wheel'd her ſilver orb acroſs the night;
Ere yon expanſe, with ſtarry brilliants glow'd,
Or from its SOURCE, created beauty flow'd;
Ere blooming verdure rob'd the ſmiling lawns,
Or bore the hilly copſe, its ſportive fawns;
Ere fair archangel try'd his tuneful tongue,
Or downs ethereal echo'd to his ſong;
Ere lovely cherub ſtruck his golden lyre,
Or burning ſeraph caught th' extatic fire;
Ere hoſts celeſtial, hallelujahs pour'd.
Or hymn'd creation's bleſt omnific LORD,
He in the GODHEAD* reign'd, nor was there known,
By vaſt eternity, a prior throne.
Can you ye proud, ſuch ancient ſplendor boaſt?
Alas! your names are vanity at moſt.

Shout all ye nations, at the dawning ray,
Of bright Salvation's long expected day.
Ye favour'd climes, its grateful ſteps, invite,
And bid your kingdoms drink the golden light.
O'er ev'ry realm† it gleams; great *Salem*, ſee!
A richer glory burſting upon thee.
Rejoice, ye diſtant iſles, and Gentile lands;
And thou, O *Afric*, clap thy ſable hands:

* *John* i. 1. † *Iſaiah* lii. 10.

O pour th' applauſe ye empires, now ariſe,
And with your voices ſhake the pearly ſkies.

For, lo! his orb o'er earth, MESSIAH rears:
Illuſtrious, as the GOD of gods, appears,
Wide as the world, th' enliv'ning radiance ſtreams,
Imparting free its ſalutary beams:
Death flies before it, with his ghaſtly train;
And falſehood ſhuns its truth-diſplaying reign:
While by it heal'd, the blind purſue their way,
Their eye-lids ope, and catch immortal day.

What time the ſons of Jacob heard and ſaw,
Promulg'd from *Oreb*, HEAV'N's tremendous law.
The DEITY awhile, forſook his throne,
To make to man his awful counſels known.
Cherubic legions drew th' omniſcient FORM,
With tenfold the rapidity of ſtorm:
Down fields of ether wheel'd th' imperial car;
Which ſhook the centre of the morning ſtar,
And ſtruck aghaſt the ſun; made *Saturn* reel,
And ſtrange commotion through his fabric feel.
To *Sin'i's* top, th' ALMIGHTY bends his way:
Phænomenons terrific, mark the day;
And fiercely driving thunderbolts, declare,
They form th' artillery of JEHOVAH's war.
Beneath the torrid lightnings, nature ſwelts;
And earth as ſteel in glowing furnace, melts:

Old

Old ocean foams, and furiouſly recoils,
And wets the clouds with tumult, as he boils.
The mountain bow'd, the mountain felt her GOD,
And quak'd, as he her verd'rous ſurface trod:
Convuls'd with throes, ſhe never knew before,
She bellow'd *Ætna's* ſubterraneous roar,
And iſſu'd livid flames, whoſe forky ſpires,
High mingled meteor's of ethereal fires,
Dire claſh of blaze to blaze; a burning ſcene,
The deſert ſeem'd, and man appall'd therein,
Th' archangel trump, by ſeraph winded ſtrong,
Low roll'd its clangour deafening along;
Reſponſe aſtounding, to the noiſe on high,
The ratt'ling cannon of the craſhing ſky!
While midnight wrapt, the law-diſpenſing GOD,
Thunder'd his edicts awfully abroad.

Thus rob'd with ſullen gloom, th'old Cov'nant* came
Breathing red fire, a ſure devouring flame:
And threat'ning poor delinquents with a ſtorm,
Of deathleſs plagues, in ev'ry horrid form:
But JESUS, man's bleſt expiator now;
Of *Sin'i's* lurid cloud, th' effulgent bow!

* *Vide ſundry paſſages in St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Hebrews.*

In golden ſhow'rs deſcended from above,
Array'd with all the ſmiles of heav'nly love.
Hark! gladden'd ſeraphs* his appearance hail,
And ſhout th' event, as they through ether ſail:
See ſeas of ſolar day, more rapid flow,
And conſtellations ſhed a brighter glow:
See lovelier azure blue th' expanſive ſky,
And ſable clouds are ſilver'd as they fly:
See ranſom'd empires all their glories bring,
And lay them at the footſtool of their King!
With aſpect raviſhing, and brow ſerene,
And all th' engaging ſplendors on his mien,
His preſence yields a blooming paradiſe,
Replete with pleaſures, and ſeraphic joys;
There plants ambroſial, give a rich perfume;
And flow'rs of amaranth, to pleaſe, aſſume.

A lovely MAID, on either hand is plac'd,
With all the beauty of celeſtials, grac'd.
This, ſtands in majeſty's auguſt deport,
And round her orb, VERACITY, is wrote.
Unſully'd glories on her head deſcend;
And duteous cherubs on her ſtate attend.
Sublime, her hands heav'n's holy records bear;
While wave her lily'd veſtments in the air:

* *Luke* iii. 13, 14.

"O ye,

"O ye, (ſhe ſings) who late, in bliſs ſat high,
"As princely regents of this lower ſky;
"Ah! ſoon you left your pure delicious ſpheres,
"And barter'd *Eden*, for a vale of tears:
"Enſlav'd and ſold, with indigence replete,
"Your di'dems laid at your opponents' feet;
"None can you ſafely re-enthrone but HIM,
"Who humbled GODHEAD, mortals to redeem:
"Who broke the bars, which pard'ning love confin'd,
"And let the floods of mercy on mankind.
"Bled HE, beneath HEAV'N's ſin-avenging* rod,
"The blood of INNOCENCE! the blood of GOD!†
"To ſave you, ſlaughter'd hecatombs are vain,
"Behold the LAMB! on *Calv'ry's* ſummit ſlain.
"For jub'lant epochs, look to him alone,
"Reſt all your hopes upon th' Incarnate THRONE;
"And lively glow with all the fire of love,
"That HE, your adorations may approve;
"So ſhall I you my charge, to GRACE reſign;
"T' obtain her lore, and benefits divine."

Here ended TRUTH, and ſhook her ſilver curls,
And th' holy banner of her PRINCE unfurls.

Meanwhile, th' other attending dame aroſe,
Beauteous as heav'n, fair as the virgin ſnows:

* 2 *Cor.* v. 21. † *Acts* xx. 28.

Here,

Here, charms eternal raviſh and delight,
Which nobleſt paſſions kindle and excite:
Where'er ſhe moves, her majeſty diſplays,
A pomp of radiance, and a ſun of blaze.
Her ſtate ethereal, wond'ring ſeraphs drew,
Who gaz'd, and lov'd, as they around her flew.
Pure roſes gather'd from elyſian bow'rs,
And all the prime of heav'n's unwith'ring flow'rs,
By bleſt angelics twin'd, compoſe her wreath,
While holds her breaſt, *Memorials of Faith.*
Immortals knew her by her ſplendid rays,
And ærial muſic warbled, "This is GRACE!"
At length ſhe lifts her hand with ſweet demean,
Aud thus harangues with attitude ſerene:

"O ye, by TRUTH's ſupernal wiſdom told,
"Of glories loſt by peccant man of old:
"Ah! ſad th' exchange which human folly made,
"Eternal ſun-ſhine, for a ſtygian ſhade;
"No ſingle bane, millions the error hurl'd,
"From climes celeſtial, to a wretched world:
"O know your lapſe, and bid your ſorrows flow,
"With all the pungence of repentant woe:
"Yet not as loſt to hope, for JESUS reigns!
"Almighty JESUS ſov'reignty maintains,
"O'er all the argent orbs and worlds above;
"And gives you notice of HIS dying love.

"Ye

" Ye crowds, impriſon'd in guilt's iron cell,
" Contiguous to the burning caves of hell;
" Whether you've been damnation's fierce dragoons,
" To plunge the fair where hell's hot river runs:
" Perhaps, you've delug'd realms with human blood,
" And to the church your butchery purſu'd;
" Or ſuch a *name*, your impious paſſion clothes,
" As earth deteſts, and ſmoky *Tophet* loathes:
" Conſider HIM, whoſe love divinely rolls,
" A balmy ocean for your ulcer'd ſouls;
" And dive by faith; all go polluted in;
" But all emerge, transformed, pure, and clean:
" None here, his ſordid, hateful vice retains;
" Or wiſheth once, his former bonds, or chains.

" Awake ye men in vice aſleep, awake!
" Your moral ſlumber from your ſpirits ſhake:
" See, *Sin'i* there, her legal terrors pour;
" While *Tophet* iſſues his undying roar!
" If down his gloomy deeps, your ſouls be thrown,
" You'll under fi'ry billows ever groan:
" Ah, there, atoning LOVE will never reach,
" Though modern doctors ſofter tenets preach:
" Such dreams deſpiſe, and to eſcape the doom,
" Of ſtubborn guilt, t' inviting MERCY come:
" Believe, and I will all your ſins deſtroy,
" And waft your ſouls to bliſs on ſeas of joy:

" From

"From dungeons, raiſe you to ſeraphic thrones,
"And own you, as th' ALMIGHTY's fav'rite ſons."

Thus the oration clos'd, and on her face,
Goodneſs ſeem'd all its native charms t' impreſs:
Thouſands, the god-like eloquence admir'd;
And with its noble energy were fir'd:
Hence, *Salem* richly populates the ſkies
With crowds to GOD and bright ſalvation wiſe.

JESUS, once more I'll crown thee with my ſong:
Thou haſt my heart, my head, my hands, my tongue:
O ſhed thy love, diffuſe thy fruits abroad;
Thou faireſt TREE in th' *Eden* of our GOD.
Beneath the fragrant branches may I ſit,
And in the ſacred umbrage, find delight;
While I thy church provoke to join my lays
In ſinging thy divine, unrivall'd praiſe.

Ye virgin ſaints,* dear purchaſe of his blood.
Firſt fruits, of his redeeming work, to GOD:
To him you owe your palms and ruby'd wreaths;
Your grand redemption from the death of deaths:
On ſilver thrones as you attune the lyre,
And lead in concert the ſupernal choir;
Let hallelujahs, heav'nly muſic meet;
Let hallelujahs, all his love repeat:

* *Rev.* xiv, 4.

Let

Let hallelujahs, make his mercy known;
Aſcend, as grateful odors to his throne:
And ye, blood bought and waſh'd, of later times:
From various nations ſprang in various climes;
The gen'ral pour of hallelujah join,
In one great chorus, deathleſs, and divine.

HALLELUJAH.

JEHOVAH praiſe, ye rationals of th' earth,
Of ev'ry clime, affinity and birth:
Shout ye angelics! He th' Omniscient reigns!
Ever a throne of love and grace maintains.
Pour, in a lofty, ceaſeleſs, fine acclaim,
Hoſannas to the honour of his Name.
Thou ſun, that giv'ſt to earth th' effulgent day,
Or lucid moon, ſerene with ample ray,
Make him your ſong; and as you light beſtow,
Kindle bord'ring ſyſtems t' a grateful glow:
Infinite Love muſt have infinite praiſe:
Ne'er ending, like the meaſure of his days:
Sonorous accents, with a noble ſwell
Of lay harmonious, muſt with raptures dwell,
Nor drop th' applauſe, on GRACE ineffable.

AN

HYMN

TO THE

SACRED NAME

OF

JESUS.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

Rev. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

Of *Macclesfield*.

Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy Father's praiſe disjoin.

MILTON.

SALEM's high choir, aſſiſt to ſing,
Your nobleſt muſic, hither bring,
And ſtrike on ev'ry tuneful ſtring,
The lovely name of JESUS.

Ye

Ye poets, fam'd for lyric lays;
Ye Pindars of our modern days,
Exert your talents in the praiſe,
Of this majeſtic JESUS.

And all ye graver, epic bards,
To immortality's rewards,
Nothing your rightful claim retards,
If you have ſang of JESUS.

Ye warblers, as ye fill the grove *
With luſcious airs, and odes of love:
Great HEAV'N will not your ſongs approve,
Unleſs you ſing of JESUS.

Ye Handels of the organ join;
Ye Purcells, Boyces, all combine,
With oratorio divine,
To ſwell the praiſe of JESUS.

But earthly voices, what are ye?
Forgive me, O great DEITY!
Look o'er this poor ſublimity,
In aſking ſongs for JESUS.

To firſt-born ſeraphs, now I turn:
O ye, who in his glory burn,
Let all your ſtrains melodious, run,
Upon the love of JESUS!

* *At Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c.*

Archangels, ſummon all your choirs,
And wind up all your ſounding lyres,
What, what, demands your nobleſt fires,
If not the name of JESUS?

Angels, that golden trumpets blow:
And cherubim of ſtarry row:
Faſt by, where rills ambroſial flow,
O! magnify our JESUS.

O! ye ſacred blood-bought throng,
That have began your happy ſong;
Ah, let not on your ranſom'd tongue,
E'er die, the praiſe of JESUS:

But as your bleſſings, let your joys,
In notes excelling, ſweetly riſe,
And out-go all the ſhouting ſkies,
In plaudits of your JESUS.

O ye ſtupendous worlds on high,
Whether in ether fix'd, or fly;
In awful pomp, each other vie,
With lofty praiſe to JESUS.

And O, thou orb profuſely bright,
Shedding a ſea of golden light:
As high thou climb'ſt o'er th' eaſtern night,
Proclaim the pow'r of JESUS.

And thou that ſhin'ſt with borrow'd ſheen,
Fair Cynthia, ev'ning's ſilver queen
In ev'ry courſe, and tour ſerene,
O ſpeak the worth of JESUS.

Ye clouds, the magazines of rain,
That pour your ſtores upon the plain;
And but exhauſt, to fill again,
O laud the pow'r of JESUS.

Ye thunders, with ſky-rending noiſe,
Shaking heav'n's arches with your voice,
As craſhingly the terror flies,
O let it mention JESUS.

Ye lightnings, as ye pierce the air,
And in the ſultry regions glare!
On your red wings of danger bear,
The awful name of JESUS.

Ye tempeſts, with impetuous roar!
That daſh the billows to the ſhore,
And on the main your vengeance pour
Blow ſoft, the name of JESUS.

While each ſky-tow'ring foreſt bows,
Declines his cloudy-hooded brows,
And pours from all his vocal boughs,
A woodland ſong to JESUS.

Did ev'ry muſe with zeal combine,
To twine a chaplet all-divine,
And all the poets with them join,
'Twould be too mean for JESUS.

Did muſic all her warblers bring,
Her voice, her ſounds, on wire or ſtring
And all the ſirens with her ſing,
They'd but degrade our JESUS.

Did ev'ry ſeraph of the ſky,
The grand, the new, the noble try;
And all the angels with them vie
In forming odes for JESUS:

And add, the efforts of a choir*
Brought out of torture, and of fire,
Borne on the wings of ſtrong deſire,
T' excell in praiſe of JESUS;

But poor and piteous all their lays;
Not worthy of the name of praiſe,
For this, the glorious SIRE † of days
This everlaſting JESUS.

Yet O ye men and angels, hear!
He loves your praiſe, he hears your pray'r;
And you the charge and ſpecial care,
Of this almighty JESUS.

* *Rev.* vii. 14. † *Iſaiah* ix 6.

More lovely than the happy ſons,
Of yonder prime angelic thrones,
Or thoſe blood-royal ranſom'd ones,*
Is this diviner JESUS.

Let all the worlds of ether blaze:
Bring all the ſplendor of their rays,
And ſuns unite, the glow to raiſe,
'Tis midnight all to JESUS.

Let heav'n ambroſial odors ſhow'r,
Arabia, bring her balmy ſtore,
And nature all her incenſe pour,
More fragrant far is JESUS.

Who lighted up yon radiant worlds?
And who this ev'ning-ſcene unfurls?
And round the globe the thunder hurls,
But our almighty JESUS?

And who will grace *Doom's* awful day,
With ſuch magnificent diſplay,
Of grandeur's fine imperial ray,†
As this our Saviour JESUS?

Then let us celebrate the fame,
Of this ador'd, atoning LAMB;
Yea, teach our liſping babes the name,
Of their REDEEMING JESUS.

* *Rev.* v. 10. † *Matt.* xxv. 31.

THE

HUMILIATION

OF

JESUS.

ON th' everlaſting dignity of HIM
Who is the hope of Man, and JESUS nam'd,
We're amply lor'd by th' Oracles of GOD.
That he poſſeſs'd an eminence ſupreme,
With th' undivided GODHEAD of the ſkies,
From all th' eternity of time, elaps'd.
Empyreal orbs, his reſidence ſublime;
And ſeraphims, the grandees of his court.
Yet though he was thus opulent and great,
To ranſom earth, hē indigent became!
Th' unrivall'd ſplendors freely laid aſide,
And with his FATHER's rich approving ſmiles,
March'd through the rows elate of dazzling ſaints,
And paid a viſit to this lower world.
Heav'n's choir and melody, methinks;
On this occaſion would be ſadly mute:

No cherub fair would play th' ethereal harp;
Nor angel-finger move th' attuning key;
Much leſs with warbling pour th' exquiſite ſtrain:
No: all would be in ſtrange amazement rapt,
Attended with regret and ſilent awe,
At th' abſence of their PRINCE, on his deſign,
To ſave a race of GOD-offending mortals.

And was his ingreſs to ſublun'ry ſpheres,
Surrounded with the glare of regal ſhow?
On ſilken ſofas was he found reclin'd?
Or ſquat on thrones with coſtly di'monds wreath'd,
'Midſt ſplendors gorgeous as the eaſtern pomp?
No; HE of worlds the FOUNDER and the LORD,
Became incarnate in a Virgin's womb!
Thus HE, whoſe SOUL immenſity informs,
A feeble human embryo becomes!
Thus HE, whoſe pow'rful hand impedes or whirls,
Each ſtellar ſyſtem with its pond'rous orbs,
As if they were but little tennis balls;
A temporary reſidence takes up,
In ſtate and limitation ſo confin'd!
And when th' illuſtrious PERSONAGE arriv'd,
What was th' abode in which he firſt reſpir'd?
And what th' accommodations of his birth?
Th' abode, a mean and deſpicable ſtall,
Contaminated by th' unſweetly goat:

And

And th' eaſeleſs couch for him to cradle in,
The oaken manger of a fodder'd ſteer!
But when th' event high int'reſting was known,
Blazon'd abroad, that ſuch a wond'rous child,
Had by his birth gladden'd *Judea's* realms;
And as an omen of his rich deſcent,
A luminary beauteous had beſtow'd
New glory to all th' empires of the eaſt,
And that a band from heav'n's celeſtial choir,
Had ſang his natal hymn to paſt'ral watch,
While ſages oriental paid devoirs
With gifts, and worſhip to th' exalted Perſ'n:
One might have ween'd that in the regions round,
Each family of low or high degree,
Th' immortal babe and mother would have preſs'd
To ſome of their abodes, no more to herd,
Or be domeſtics with th' inclement ox'n:
But ah! inſtead of this expected piece
Of elegance and honour to him due:
In lieu of greetings from the rich and great,
O tell it not! leſt horror and deſpair,
Should think all nature theirs; and ſullen gloom
Have leave to hang his blanket o'er the heav'ns;
A wicked monarch hunts the INFANT's blood!!!
Which urges a precipitate retreat:
While that arch-devil pointing to his prey;
And big with ev'ry goblin of the damn'd
That ever tempted wretch to murder foul,

Plunges

Plunges the blade of his infernal ſword
Into the body of each lovely babe,
Whoſe fate and melancholy lot it was,
To be th' unſinning ſubject of his ſtate.
Hell howl'd! and tore her entrails at the deed,
Though butchery of her own ſuggeſtion;
While heaven in ſad amaze ſtood ſilent!—
Ye feeling parents, for a moment muſe:
On half th' ear-piercing cries of thoſe bereav'd
By this black eagle's claw, of what's more dear,
Than eyes, or hand, or any tender limb,
Ev'n th' offspring of their bowels! O good GOD!
What horrid ag'ny would this give birth to?
Gabr'el, and ye that holy watch maintain
O'er human innocence: at th' awful hour
This blood-hound lap'd their blood, O! where
were you?

But checking this digreſſion, Our dear LORD's
Infinite meekneſs ev'dent will appear,
If him, in his alacrity we view
To ſuffer circumciſion: and t' obey
Parental charge though earthly, 'till mature
For ſervice more than that of th' angelic.
Pain! thou corroding, griping, knawing fiend:
Inimical to ev'ry ſweet and joy:
Of execrable pedigree and birth,
Thy ſting by ſullen Lucifer was forg'd

In the infernal fires of black abyſm:
And for all-bloody execution, barb'd,
By th' engines keen of hell's moſt murd'rous hags:
But, howe'er man deſerves thee; yet O why
Should HEAV'N's holy LAMB be by thee tortur'd?
Why with inciſion, ſadly, fiercely, deep,
Should his dear body feel the pang acute?
Or why not angels ready to receive
The precious tricklings of the hallow'd wound?
But ah! he condeſcended to endure
The rack and ſqueeze of ir'n circumciſion!
Alſo ineffable, that HE, whoſe throne
Was on th' empyreum's moſt elated height,
And whoſe divine magnificent domain
Held countleſs worlds of beauteous regions bleſt;
Who wiſely marſhall'd all their ſtellar fires,
And govern'd ev'ry planetary orb;
Having the armies of the ſaints ſtar-wreath'd,
Obſequious to his charge, or voice, or nod:
And when he was employ'd, was forming ſuns!
Adjuſting ſyſtems, or creating ſpheres;
Should now be ſubject to the wretched fare,
Which want and inconvenience ſadly know:
Be th' inhabitant of a cottage poor,
And earn his pittance with a hardy toil.
That HANDS, which nature's golden ſceptre ſway'd.
Or held her ample univerſal globe,
Should now be callous with a rough employ.

And

And that fair Body, elegantly form'd,
Beauteous, a ſeat of deities to grace,
Or o'er an angel-ſynod to preſide,
Should be o'erweary'd with the hard fatigue
Of labour irkſome, painful, and extreme.
Moreover, that ſo lovely dear a flow'r,
More fair than any ever *Eden* knew,
To be the pride of her elyſian bed,
And which by kindly pitying Love was dropp'd,
From heav'n's ambroſial groves to nether orbs,
For th' health and cure of all their peccant ſons:
Should be* by Satan's harpy-talons pluck'd,
And bore to where his godleſs being led,
Then left to pine and droop a ſadly ſeas'n.

Further, the meekneſs of the Man divine,
And whom we own as LORD, will face us ſtill,
If we conſider perſecution's rod,
In dreadful exerciſe upon him; while,
He quietly bears the laſh indignant.
Thou peſt of earth, and offspring of th' unbleſt;
In conclaves nurs'd, and *Perſecution* nam'd:
Thee! harpy! thee, th' abyſmal regions teem'd;
Thy haggard mien, and ſqualid viſage bear
Damnation's moſt immediate horrors:
While thy infernal hands ſharp ſcourges hold

* *The temptation of* Jesus.

Of adders, ſnakes, and ſcorpions compos'd:
Not for th' unrighteous, but the juſt and good;
Ev'n for an innocent, and holy JESUS!
With ſorrow ſad, my ſpirit humbled be:
And bow your honour'd heads with pious grief
Ye friends of GOD, and devotees to virtue:
For HE, who ever acted as he pleas'd,
With th' immortal tribes of yon ethereal!
Who blaz'd with dazzling and unrivall'd fame
For ſapience, omnipotence and glory
Among the ardors of eternity:
Had his dear perſon hunted and purſu'd
By th' human hounds, and wolves, and pards of hell,
A *baſe deceiver*, he was ſtigmatiz'd!
A *liar*, by the lip of lying call'd!
A *necromancer*, by hell's agents nam'd!
Pronounc'd a *hypocrite* by public cheats.
And though a voice tremendous as in ſtorm,
Declar'd him th' object of his FATHER's joy,
While of his deity high proof he gave,
By ſtopping tempeſts in their mad career!
Huſhing the hoſtile elements to peace!
Ungraſping Satan's diabolic hold
And wreſting poor demoniacs from his paws!
Healing the moſt invet'rate diſeaſe!
Speaking with eloquence before unknown!
And O! what HEAV'N's minor could ne'er effect,
Animating, even the very dead!

Yet

Yet he was vilely threat'ned and abus'd
By foes, from towns to cities ſo purſu'd,
That he'd no local reſidence or home,
Ev'n not ſo much as where to lay his head.

But now to form a melancholy cloſe;
While Truth exhibits a diſtracting ſcene:
A ſcene ſo ſad, that grief with all her woes,
An equal ſhare of ſuff'ring never knew!
For *Tophet* brings his ſtygian magazine;
Replete with all th' artillery of hell;
And on the SAVIOUR burſts his flaming bombs,
Full-charg'd with ev'ry curſt combuſtible
That th' ungrateful hands of fiends could gather:
This, being their ſeaſon and nocturnal hour.
By an abandon'd villain, JESU's ſeiz'd,
And giv'n to a barbarous lawleſs mob!
Before a council prepoſſeſs'd, arraign'd;
And though as harmleſs as an angel found,
Yet is his holy body naked ſtript,
And flog'd ſeverely with a bloody ſcourge:
O ſanguine ſcene! and bitter, bitter ſmart.
Though ample evidence he ever gave,
That he was no uſurper to a crown;
But SOV'REIGN of th' unnumber'd worlds which blaze,
Or roll their ſpacious orbs along th' ether:
Yet with a cap of thorns is ſcandaliz'd!

Gaſhing to blood his venerable brows.
And when ev'n debility itſelf might own,
Him for her moſt emaciated child;
Yet he muſt bear a pond'rous maſſy tree
Many a rood, ev'n to *Calv'ry's* ſummit:
He, by many a weary, painful ſtep,
Reacheth at length th' inhoſpitable ſpot:
And after being nail'd thro' hands and feet,
Elated is; but not in th' imperial chair;
Nor on a throne of adamant and gold
Beneath a ſpangled canopy of ſtate,
But on th' infamous accurſed gibbet!!!
Aſſemble here! affliction's ev'ry ſon,
And ſee, if there was ever woe or pang,
Like unto th' incarnate JESU's ſorrow!
No lovely child was from his boſom torn;
But what was more diſtreſſingly acute,
From glory's lofty zenith he was brought,
Yet faſt'ned traitor-like unto a gibbet!
No crown terreſtrial, did he ever claim,
No throne as mortal, did he ever grace,
But he was led from everlaſting thrones,
Celeſtial ſtates, and heav'nly di'dems!
And as a rogue ſuſpended on a gibbet!
With ſable ſackcloth rob'd, ye low'ring ſkies,
Now mutter the ſadly ſound; *a gibbet!*
Ye ſilent rocks! reverberate the groan,
A gibbet! a deſpicable gibbet!

Heav'n

Heav'n fled the awful, ſad diſaſtrous ſight,
While the inglorious, horrid, brutal ſcene,
Being too ſhocking in its end and cauſe,
To be beheld, but by unſoften'd men;
And laughing devils from the herd of hell;
A dæmon's curtain round all nature drew,
Expung'd fair day, and put out yonder ſun!

SALVATION.

SALVATION! O tranſporting theme!
Delightful to our hearts!
Ye heav'ns admire th' atoning LAMB,
Who boundleſs grace imparts.

Diſeas'd, and dead in ſin we lay,
A prey to darkneſs giv'n:
But O! through him we bleſs the ray,
That leads to GOD and heav'n.

Salvation! let the echo bound,
Through earth, and air, and ſkies;
Shout all ye nations, and reſound,
The bleeding SACRIFICE.

THE PRODIGAL.

INSCRIBED TO THE

Rev. JOHN WHITERIDGE.

YE, that in vicious paths have trod,
And now with hearts relent:
Driv'n by the judgments of a GOD,
Your follies to lament.

A ſweet pathetic tale attend,
And very ſoon you'll hear,
That HEAV'N will deign to be your friend
And liſten to your pray'r.

A good houſe-holder, Neſtor was;
The pride of all the place:
Poſſeſs'd of worth and godlineſs,
And ev'ry ſocial grace.

Among

Among the bleſſings Neſtor ſhar'd,
An offspring fair he had:
Two goodly ſons his nurture rear'd,
With health and vigour clad,

The eldeſt was a hopeful youth,
Obedient to his ſire:
The younger left the ways of truth
To feed each vain deſire.

Headſtrong, impetuous and wild
As ſome unmanag'd horſe:
Unheeding any cenſure mild
To take a deſp'rate courſe.

"Father, (ſays he with bold demand,)
"To me my portion give:
"My moiety of goods and land,
"I'm waiting to receive."

With a ſad ſigh the father deals
His patrimony great:
Betwixt the two makes o'er and ſeals
The bulk of his eſtate.

Lorenzo, now's a gentleman!
As great as any lord;
Gorgeous, his vaſſalage and train,
And elegant his board.

Revels and ſwims in all the gay
Exceſſes of the times:
And that each luſt may have its ſway,
Muſt viſit foreign climes.

No father will be near him *there*,
To check his giddy ways:
Nothing to ſow the ſeeds of care,
Or cloud his future days.

Away he goes with ſplendid ſuit,
And bags of money ſtor'd;
To be by thoſe of baſe repute,
And harlots all devour'd.

Arriv'd; wine, wantons, game and play,
Are found his dear delight:
His exerciſe in wakeful day,
Or welcome gueſts at night,

Expenſive pleaſures, empty ſoon,
Their ſad diſciple's purſe:
Leave him moſt needy and undone
And void of all reſource.

Famiſh'd for lack of wholſome food,
And left his lot to pine:
He longs to eat the huſk that's chew'd,
By the uncleanly ſwine.

When lo! reflection wakes his ſoul
T' a ſenſe of all his ſhame:
How diff'rent his condition foul
To that, from whence he came:

"How many ſervants upon hire,
"My father hath, (he cries)
"That have the bread their hearts require,
"Yea more, than may ſuffice;

"While I'm oblig'd to waſte with want,
"Where none will yield relief;
"In wretchedneſs to ſtarve and faint,
"And tell the winds my grief:

"I will this very moment riſe,
"And to my father go:
"Deplore with undiſſembled ſighs,
"The cauſe of all my woe:

"Father, (I'll ſay) I've treſpaſs'd ſore
"In ſpight of thee and HEAV'N:
"Yet O! indulge a ſinner poor
"With hopes of be'ng forgiv'n,

"Unworthy to be own'd as thine:
"I only crave the bread,
"On which thy meaneſt ſervants dine,
"To have my hunger fed."

Lorenzo,

Lorenzo, thus reſolving roſe,
And runs with eager feet,
Urg'd by his poverty and woes,
To near his father's ſeat.

But while as yet a diſtance long,
The father him eſpies:
And him the ſtripling wild and young,
Begins to recognize.

With hunger wan, and raiment poor;
A meagre ſight was he:
His linen vile, and ragged wore
Beſpoke his poverty.

Yet all the fondneſs of a ſoul
That has a parent's heart;
In tenderneſs began to roll,
And own its pleaſing ſmart.

To meet his child the rev'rend ſire,
Wing'd with impatience flew:
Forgot his age, nor ſeem'd to tire
'Till near his ſon he drew.

And claſping round his filial neck;
Him paſſionately held,
'Till all th' affection fathers ſpeak,
With kiſſes he had ſeal'd.

The youth recov'ring from a ſwoon,
Th' effect of his ſurprize:
At meeting with his ſire ſo ſoon:
Now ſays with guſhing eyes,

"Father, I've err'd and treſpaſs'd ſore
"In ſpight of thee and HEAV'N:
"Yet O! indulge a ſinner poor
"With hopes of be'ng forgiv'n:

"I'm quite unworthy to be own'd
"For any child of thine:
"But let thy pard'ning grace abound
"T' efface this guilt of mine."

Further confeſſion to foreſtall,
The father gives command,
That joy and gladneſs fill his hall,
That muſic bring her band:

Gives orders that a ſumptuous feaſt
Be ſpeedily prepar'd,
To entertain the welcome gueſt
Nor goodly cheer be ſpar'd:

While the *repentant* is array'd,
With robes of ample coſt:
His bleſt returning joyous made,
With all his ſire could boaſt.

Then

Then to the harps of pleaſant ſound,
Sweet ſong begins her ſtrain:
"My ſon was loſt, but now is found!
"Dead once, but lives again!"

The APPLICATION.

This father is our gracious God,
And we have wand'rers been,
Deſpis'd his mercy and his rod,
And walk'd the paths of ſin.

'Tis he that gives us life and breath,
Each bleſſing we poſſeſs:
Preſerves our ſouls ſecure from death
By his almighty grace.

Surrounded by his ſov'reign care
Exempt from ill we ſtand:
Kept free from ev'ry baneful ſnare
By his propitious hand:

Alſo, as if he could not do
Enough for peccant man;
He gave his Son to *Calv'ry* too
To be for ſinners ſlain.

Ten thouſand mercies we enjoy
That none but us can boaſt:
Yet, we th' effect of theſe deſtroy
To our immediate coſt.

But let us now our boſoms rend,
And turn unto the LORD:
Our crooked works and ways amend,
And truſt his holy *Word*.

For he's benevolent and kind:
A pard'ning GOD is he:
Diſpos'd to mercy is his mind,
And gracious clemency.

Ye that have practis'd ev'ry vice,
And ran the downward road:
Made it your pleaſure and your choice
To diſobey your GOD:

But now your odious folly ſee,
And cry to be forgiv'n:
Wreſtle with pious agony
To be at friends with HEAV'N.

Yet wreſtle on, and hourly pray,
To have your pardon ſeal'd:
Your guilt ſhall all be done away,
Your wounded ſpirit heal'd,

Fair righteouſneſs your ſouls ſhall wear
Bought by the blood of HIM:
Who ſuffer'd torture him to tear
That he might you redeem.

And your returning to your GOD,
The ſeraphim ſhall ſing:
Pour hallelujahs clear and loud,
Or ſweep the golden ſtring:

Yea, heav'n's orcheſtra ſhall reſound,
With this enraptur'd ſtrain:
"My ſon was loſt, but now is found!
"Dead once, but lives again!"

LONDON, Jan. 17, 1792.

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FINIS.